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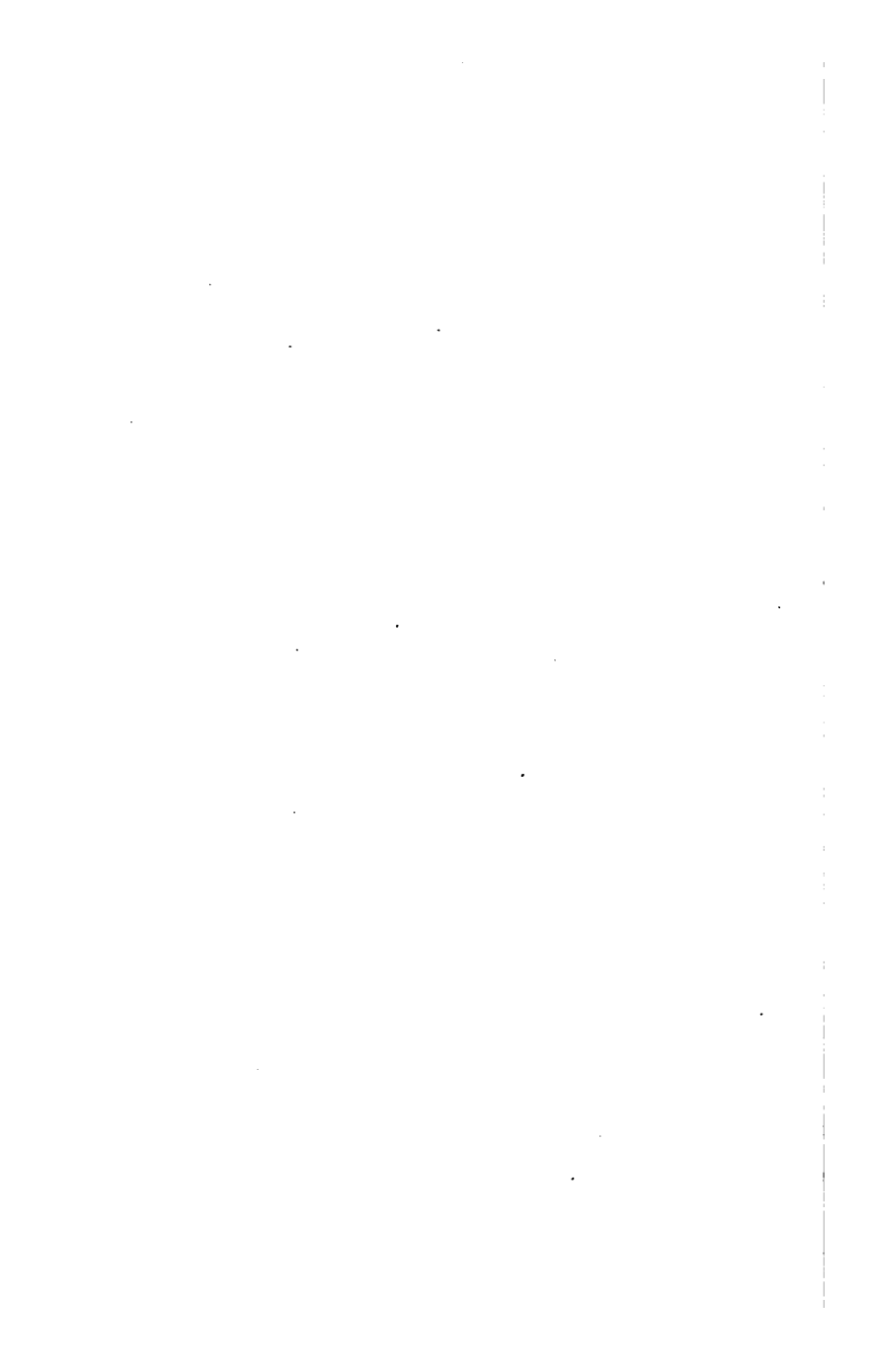
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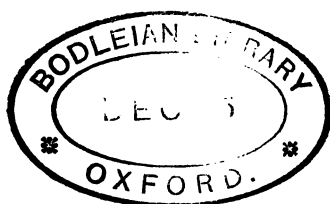


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NOTE.—This book contains 152 pages of reading matter, exclusive of illustrations, notes, &c. Most of the extracts will be found long enough for two or three lessons.

THE
ILLUSTRATED READERS
FIFTH BOOK.



MIGRATORY LOCUST.

LOCUSTS.¹

1. The first and perhaps the most important of these insects is the migratory locust, so familiar to us by its frequent mention in Holy Writ. . . .

2. The vast masses in which these insects appear have been too often described to need more than a passing allusion. Suffice it to say that they come in

¹ Wood's *Insects Abroad*.

great clouds, which look in the distance like those of an approaching thunderstorm, and that where they settle they consume every green leaf and grass blade, even devouring the young and tender twigs of the trees. They seem to have but little power of guiding their flight, but are forced to be blown by the wind in any direction which it may happen to take, and when a swarm is seen in the far distance, the unhappy agriculturists know that there is no hope for their crops but in a change of wind. Various means have been tried, but none have succeeded in arresting or even mitigating the damage which a few hours' visit can work among the vegetation.

3. They are not tenacious of life, and a cold wind will kill them almost at once, while myriads upon myriads perish should they be blown out to sea. In such a case, their bodies have been known to form a continuous wall along the sea-shore, extending for several miles in length, and giving out an absolutely intolerable odour.

4. In Hardwicke's 'Science Gossip' for April 1871, there is a very interesting paper on locusts, by Mr. C. Horne :—

'I had been more than twenty years in the country before I saw a locust, and, strangely enough, the first flight visited my station when Dr. Jerdon, who had been very many more years than I had been a resident, was staying with me, and he too had never witnessed a visit of these insects. It was on September 13, 1863, when just after luncheon it suddenly became quite dark, and the servants coming in, told us that the locusts had arrived, and so we went out to see them.

5. 'The whole sky, as far as the eye could reach in every direction, was full of them. They flew from the north-east at a great pace, with a strange rustling, filling the air with sound, which seemed to come from every point, and were much scattered in their flight, which ranged from thirty to two hundred feet from the ground. The wind at the time was blowing from the north-east, and they were borne along upon it. . . . Presently we noticed them returning, having been turned by a storm of wind and rain which was coming up from the south-west, and which advanced to within a quarter of a mile of the place where we were standing. They faced round, and everyone they met turned with them and hurried towards the north-east, as did those which had alighted in the trees.

6. 'About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after this there came up a heavy storm of wind and rain from the north-east, with a little thunder and lightning. This again turned them, and they were floating rapidly past, when a terrific downpour of rain obscured all from our view, and caused them to settle on every tree in which they could find shelter.

7. 'One *emli*, or tamarind tree, standing in the middle of a large field, was so covered with them, that at a little distance, instead of the brilliant green for which the tree is noted, it appeared of a dull red. Next morning there was not a leaf left, only bare twigs, while under the tree there must have been half an inch deep of excreta. . . . About 10 A.M. many thousands were flying about and I expected great damage. The sun however came out, and with dried wings they all departed. They first rose into the air like pigeons, gyrated a little, and then went straight

off to the north-west. The whole of this flight, from a careful examination we made, appeared to have been young males.

8. 'On September 16, there were three more large flights extending for miles, but a very few settled; little harm was done to the crops. The appearance of a flight on the horizon is curious. It is like a thin dark streak, which increases in density every moment till it has arrived. Any computation of the number of insects of which such a swarm consists, would be quite impossible.

9. 'What strikes everyone, as they approach, is the strange rustling of millions on millions of crisp wings. Often after this there were flights, but it was impossible to trace their direction, nor is it certainly known where they generally breed. Many swarms settled in the Punjab, where they laid their eggs in the ground, and thousands of men, women, and children collected these, and they were destroyed. Still many remained, and the young wingless larvæ crawled over the ground, creating far greater havoc than their winged parents.

10. 'When they come, everyone turns out with pots, kettles, and pans, and makes as much noise as he can. This certainly prevents them from settling, and I thus twice saved my garden, and trust never to see them again.'

brilliant, bright, shining.
allusion, remark, reference.
suffice, be sufficient.
consume, eat, devour.
agriculturist, farmer.
arresting, stopping.
mitigating, lessening, abating.

tenacious, strong, able to endure suffering.
myriads, countless numbers.
continuous, without break.
extending, stretching.
oval, egg-shaped.
projecting, hanging over.

presently, shortly, soon.
terrific, frightful.
obscured, darkened, hid.
gyrated, flew round and round.
excreta, dung.

density, thickness or depth.
computation, reckoning, calculation.
collected, gathered.
havoc, damage, destruction.

Migratory—So called from its habit of moving from district to district, and from country to country.

Absolutely intolerable odour—A most disgusting stench or smell.

Resident—One who lives in the place.

Horizon—The circle bounding the view on all sides, where earth and sky seem to meet.

Punjaub—(*Five rivers*). A district in the north-west of India, watered by the five rivers forming the Indus.





THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.¹

1. Four days after the battle of Stamford Bridge, whilst the English fleet was up north with Harold, William landed at Pevensey with all his host. He set up a castle of wood at Hastings and ravaged the land all round. When news of this was brought to Harold, he marched south to London with his guard, bidding Edwin and Morcar gather their men and follow him. But they held back ; for they thought that if Harold was slain they would share England with William. Then Harold gathered the men of Kent and of London to Senlac, near Hastings, and lay on the hill there by a hoar apple-tree. There were with him Gurth and Leofwin, his brothers, and most of his kin. Gurth begged Harold to lay waste the

¹ *Epochs of English History* (slightly adapted).

land, that William might not get food or march on, and then go back himself to London and gather forces there and leave him to fight William, instead of Harold, because of the oath which Harold had sworn. But Harold said, 'I was made king to cherish this folk ; how shall I lay waste this land of theirs ? Nor does it befit an English king to turn from his foes. But thy advice is wise.'

2. Now William and his men lay in the open land below. And both hosts made ready for the fight that was to be fought on the morrow. The English spent the night watching by their fires, singing merrily, and eating and drinking. The Normans did not feast ; but Odo, bishop of Bayeux, went through the host praying with the men. On the morrow both hosts were set in array. Harold had made a strong pale of stakes along the front of his line, and in the centre by his two standards (the golden dragon of England, and his own with the image of a fighting man on it) he set his guard and the men of Kent and London. They were all armed in coats of mail, and had great two-handed axes and broadswords and javelins. But at the back and sides of the hill he put his worst soldiers and the country folk, who were ill-armed with darts and slings and clubs. The English all fought on foot, as was the custom in the north. Harold bade his men keep the pale and drive off their enemies ; but he told them not to leave their posts, or the Normans would get inside and drive them off the hill.

3. William set his men in order also. In the midst he and his brother were with the Norman knights, all on horseback, clad in coats of mail, with

long lances in their hands, and broadswords by their sides ; there too was the banner which the Pope had hallowed. In front were the archers, of whom he had a great many, but they were on foot. On the right he put the French knights who were with him, and on the left the men of Brittany. The first man that began the attack was a Norman minstrel, who rode up against the English, throwing up his sword and catching it, and singing a war-song of Charles the Great Emperor's mighty deeds. He slew two Englishmen who came forth against him before he was slain himself. Then the battle was joined. The Normans charged up against the English ; but the English kept the pale and cut down man and horse with their great axes. In vain the Normans tried twice over to break their line. Then they began to give back, and men cried out that William was slain ; but he threw off his helmet, that all might know him, and cried, ' I live, and will yet win the day by God's help.' And he and his brother Odo again got their men in array and charged them again up the hill. William and Odo fought ever foremost, and at last they got close up to the English standards. Gurth threw a spear at William, which missed him and slew his horse. But William slew Gurth with his sword ; there fell also Leofwin his brother, and many Normans and English. But the Normans got on best to the right, for there they broke down the pale.

4. Then William, to make the English leave their posts, ordered his men to pretend to flee. And when the English saw them turn they disobeyed Harold and rushed down after them, leaving the hill bare. Then the Normans turned and smote them in the

open field and pressed on to the hill-top, where Harold and his guard were nearly alone ; but though they were now fighting on level ground they could not drive back Harold and his guards. So William ordered his archers to shoot up into the air, that the arrows might fall upon the English ; for they could not use their shields, as they had both hands to their axes. One arrow struck Harold in the eye, and he fell dying at the foot of his standard. Then the Normans made a last rush, beat off the English and broke down the standards, and Eustace and three other knights slew Harold as he lay on the ground, and mangled his body. But the English drew off fighting to the last, and many of the Normans that followed them were slain, for they turned on them in a swampy place, where their horses were of no use.

5. William pitched his tent among the dead on the height where the standards had stood, and his host stayed there all night. . . .

6. So fell the last old English king fighting against the foreigners. And after awhile William was chosen king of the English, for there was no man now that could withstand his might ; and Edgar, the son of Edward Etheling, Edmund Ironside's son, whom some would have made king, was hardly old or wise enough to rule, even if they could have driven out William.

7. Harold was a strong, handsome, and accomplished man. Like his father he was a good soldier, a good speaker, and a good man of business. As Edward's minister he was much beloved by the English for his good rule and the way in which he put down the Welsh and forced them into peace. But, like his father, he did not get on well with the

Church ; for he disliked Edward's foreign priests and bishops, and did not favour the monks. It shows what a good ruler the English must have thought him that they made him king, though he was not of the royal blood of the West-Saxon kings who sprung from Cerdic, but only of kin to the Danish kings.

8. At the time of the Conquest the English folk had been settled in this country six hundred years, and had become very like the English of to-day. There was the lord, like the squire and rich folk of to-day ; and the yeoman, like our farmer ; and the thralls and landless men, like our labourers and workmen. There were traders, too, for the English under their later kings began to go abroad much more and trade with other lands.

9. The cities also, by the time of the Norman Conquest, were filled with folk ; for the English as they became less rude began to live in towns, and to trade more with foreign countries. Moreover, the coming of the Danes and the forming of the great empire of Canute on the coasts of the North Sea, had brought the English to take more to the sea and a seafaring life, which they had given over a good deal when they came and settled in England. The Danes who settled here were great sailors, and at London there were many of them, so that it soon became the mightiest city in England.

10. There were parish priests in every village, and besides these there were many houses of monks ; so that the Christian religion had quite as much power as it has to-day, and perhaps more.

11. But the great change that took place during the six hundred years before the Conquest was, that

the Englishman became the citizen of a great nation instead of merely the member of a tribe ; that he was learning to care not only for the welfare of his family and his tribe but for the good of the whole state and of every other Englishman.

ravaged, laid waste.
cherish, take care of.
benefit, become.
array, order.
disobeyed, acted contrary.

mangled, cut.
accomplished, learned, clever.
minister, adviser.
swampy, wet and spongy.

Stamford Bridge—In Yorkshire. Here Harold defeated his brother Tostig and Harold Hardrada, king of Norway.

Pevensey—Near Hastings in Sussex.

Edwin and Morcar—Earls of Mercia and Northumbria.

Brittany—A province in the north-west of France.

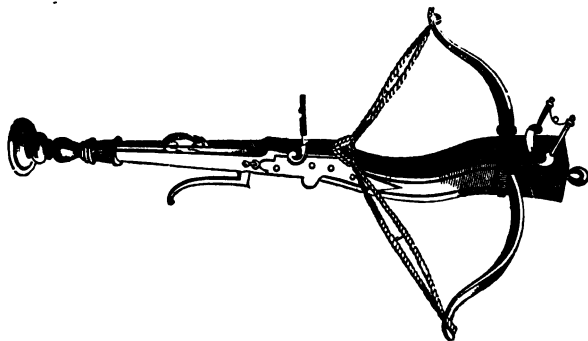
Bayeux—In Normandy ; in later times noted for its tapestry.

Keep the pale—Keep within the stakes.

Which the Pope, &c.—The Pope had consented to William's invasion of England, and had also sent a consecrated banner.

Charles the Great—The emperor Charlemagne.

Cerdic—The leader of the Saxons who first formed the kingdom of Wessex.



CROSS-BOW.



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1. I come, I come ! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
2. I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers ;
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin, or the tomb !

3. I have pass'd o'er the hill of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.
4. I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.
5. From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.
6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.
7. Away from the dwellings of care-worn men
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen ;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth :
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.

trace, track, follow.

ancient, old.

fanés, temples.

fringe, border.

groves, woods, plantations.

founts, fountains, springs.

main, sea, ocean.

verdure, greenness.

resounds, echoes.

lyre, a small harp.

wreath, garland.

mirth, gladness, delight.

strains, songs, music.

domains, country, possessions.

With light and song—Days lengthen on the approach of Spring, and birds begin to sing.

Waking earth—Grass, flowers, &c., which have been asleep during the winter, now wake to life.

Winds which tell, &c.—By being loaded with the scent of the violet.

On the South—Italy, Spain, &c., where are large forests of chestnut trees.

The stormy North—Norway, Sweden, and Russia, where are forests of larch and fir.

Of softer green—The new leaves or spikes of the pine are of a light green and contrast with the dark green of the leaves of the preceding year.

A gentle sigh—A soft gentle breeze which sounds like a sighing among the trees.

Night-bird's lay—The nightingale's song.

Hesperian clime—Western : the word was applied by the ancient Greeks to Spain and the opposite shores of Africa ; but these places lie southwards as regards England.

Iceland—An island in the Arctic Ocean, and therefore north as regards England.

Loosed the chain—Melted the ice.

Flashing down—In torrents and cataracts.





MOSES AT THE FAIR.¹

1. As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was now grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

2. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and

¹ Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

can buy and sell to very good advantage ; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

3. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission ; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair,—trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck ! good luck !' till we could see him no longer.

4. I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife, 'depend upon it he knows what he is about ; I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.'

5. As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome !

welcome, Moses ! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair ?' 'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a shy look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Ay, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know, but where is the horse ?' 'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence.' 'Well done, my good boy,' returned she ; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.' 'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again ; 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast ; 'here they are ; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.' 'A gross of green spectacles !' repeated my wife, in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and have brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles !' 'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason ? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.' 'A fig for the silver rims !' cried my wife in a passion ; 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce !' 'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.' 'What,' cried my wife, 'not silver ! the rims not silver !' 'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.' 'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases ! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed

upon, and should have known his company better !' 'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong ; he should not have known them at all.' 'Marry, hang the idiot !' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff ; if I had them I would throw them in the fire.' 'There, again, you are wrong, my dear,' cried I ; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles you know are better than nothing.'

6. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me ; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.

opposed, objected to.
antagonists, opponents.
prevail, succeed.
discreet, prudent, wise.
prudence, good sense.
commission, errand.
satisfaction, pleasure.
warrant, undertake to say.

murrain, plague.
imposed, deceived, cheated.
unfortunate, unlucky.
reverend, old and respectable looking.
pretence, excuse.
persuaded, induced, talked over.

Sell his hen on a rainy day—Sell at a disadvantage : make a bad bargain. Hens have a very sorry woe-begone appearance after being exposed to a shower of rain, and therefore not likely to fetch their full value when sold in such a state.



BATTENED DOWN.¹

1. Battened down means to be under hatches in a heavy gale, in a kind of twilight that is more formidable to the nerves than darkness, not knowing what is going forward on deck, and construing every sound into an alarm of danger. On our way round the Horn, the 'tween-deck passengers had a taste of under-hatch life that is really worth repeating, because it is typical at least of one phase of Australian passenger traffic.

2. The ship I am writing about was as low south

¹ *The Daily Telegraph.*

as 62 degrees. A strong westerly gale for three days had been experienced, with a heavy following sea—a Pacific sea, the weight and velocity and power of which mean that when a surge catches the ship under her counter, a man in the bows of her, looking up, will see the fellow at the wheel in the sky, so to speak, almost overhead. Under lower topsails and reefed foresails the ship had steadily and grandly swept over this mountainous deep, every hour sharpening the bitter cold of the storming gale, the heavens a faint dawn-like blue with masses of brownish scud blowing fast along it, and the sea gleaming like steel in the hollows among the foaming hills. But when pretty well abreast of the storm huge dark clouds came rolling up out of the south-west, and within twenty minutes of their appearance the air was thick and dark as a fog with snow. To see such snow one must go pretty near to the Poles. It was like being buried in a mound of feathers. A couple of the smartest hands in the watch then on deck were stationed on the look-out ; and the skipper aft, and the mate at the break of the poop, kept their heads over the side, staring into smother ahead, for, though up to that time no ice had been sighted, it was risky work running at ten knots an hour on a parallel a good way to the southward of the ice-limit, in weather so dense with snow that the ship's foremast could not be seen from the wheel. However, just as a good seaman can hold on aloft with his eyebrows, so when he can't use his eyes he can see with his nose. Two hours after the storm of snow had set in, the mate, turning his head, bawled to the skipper, who stood peering into the binnacle, 'I smell ice, sir!' The skipper came

trotting forward, sniffed, and clearly tasting ice in the air, shouted to the men forward to keep a sharp lookout. Scarcely had he sung out when, 'Ice right ahead, sir!' rang back from the forecastle. The spokes revolved in the glowing hands of the two fellows who were steering like the driving-wheels of a locomotive ; the noble ship swept round magnificently, and the few men then on deck looking to leeward, saw a towering iceberg shape itself out of the snow, its base lashed by the mighty seas, which awoke its echoes in thunder. It was but a glimpse of a picture of majestic loneliness ; it vanished in a breath, the helm was righted, and once more the ship went storming on through the white blindness of the snowfall. But one experience of that kind was enough ; all hands were turned up to heave the vessel to, and wait for the weather to clear ; and presently the ship was looking into the wind, the fury of which was felt now that she stayed to meet it, breasting the tremendous seas, which were invisible until they had struck and were running her giddily up and laying her heavily over. Until the snow had come a few of the passengers had remained on deck, moving briskly about to prevent the bitter cold from freezing their blood ; but the first fall had driven them below. The saloon passengers were snug enough in the warm cuddy ; the cabins in the steerage rendered that part of the vessel habitable ; but the 'tween-decks was a truly dark, dismal, and desolate region. No water had come aboard whilst the ship was running, and, though the main-hatch gratings were on, the tarpaulins were off, and some daylight, therefore, found its way through. But shortly after the vessel was hove-to, the seas came

flying over the weather bow and washed aft to the main decks until it was up to a man's knee in the lee scuppers. On this the mate gave orders for the hatches to be battened down, the effect of which was to plunge the 'tween-decks in a darkness that was barely rendered visible by a single long-snuffed lamp that swung amidships of that division of the vessel.

3. The passengers were all Colonials coming home on various errands, and the chances are that most of them would return to Australia by the same ship. But in this light it would be quite impossible to remark any distinctive points about them. Those near the lamp looked to be dressed in very decent clothing, and there were suggestions of orderliness and self-respect in the voices of the men and women, and the occasional laugh, which might have been absent had these people been emigrants going the other way in search of a home in the far Pacific. In all such companies there is usually a man who has made the voyage several times, and who is therefore looked up to as an authority. He understands all about the weather, guesses the captain's intentions, listens critically to the orders of the mates, and uses nautical terms in addressing the sailors. He is here in these gloomy 'tween-decks, perched on top of a chest, and reassuring a little crowd of the passengers, chiefly women, who have gathered round him to hear why the hatches have been put on, and why the ship has lain over all on a sudden. 'We're hove-to,' he says, 'and the hatches have been battened down to prevent us from being washed out of the 'tween-decks. D'ye hear the seas thundering over-

head ? That's on the deck, and if they don't put the galley fire out and keep us on cold victuals for a spell, you'll not hear me prophesy again. The captain's quite right to heave-to. For some time I've considered that following sea too heavy to run before. We don't want to be pooped. D'ye know what pooping is, ladies ? Well, when a ship is struck by a sea on the stern, and her decks swept right forward—wheel, binnacle, boats, companions, everything going—we say that she is pooped. It is very unpleasant and dangerous, and can only be avoided by heaving-to.' 'Were you ever pooped, sir ?' asks a Sydney man with a beard that spreads over his bosom like a peacock's tail. 'Not exactly,' he replies ; 'but I was very near it once,' and he begins a long story, but at times he has to shout to make himself audible, for the roaring of water overhead, the groaning and shrieking of timbers and bulkheads as the vessel sweeps into the hollows of the gigantic surges, the deep, tempestuous looming of the gale among the naked spars aloft, the cries of children and the loud voices of other talkers combine to produce an uproar such as only a man with lungs of brass would have courage to begin a story in. It is a picture, indeed, over which one is disposed to linger. It is the gloom, and the bounding decks, and the fierce yelling of the storm-fiend which give it its wild impressiveness. Your eye must dwell some time upon the various groups before you can distinguish them in the faint light of that heavily-swinging lamp, and then you see the little crowd gathered round the man who has made several voyages, the women holding on to each other, and some of them fainting away from time to time as the

deck leans down and down amid a muffled thunder of foaming seas outside. Pale faces glance as they are turned towards the lamp, and there is a sharp sparkle of fear in some of the women's eyes whenever the ship makes an unusually heavy plunge. Now and again a chest carries away and crashes against a bulkhead, amid a chorus of shrieks from the women to the children to mind themselves. Through an open cabin door you see the faint green glimmer of water upon the thick glass of the securely screwed-up scuttle. Both hatches are battened ; indeed, short of actual shipwreck, these 'tween-deck passengers are now going through as hard and disagreeable an experience as any that can well befall them.

4. On deck the snow is blowing in dense horizontal clouds athwart the ship, whose naked masts, with the narrow band of lower topsail, wave wildly amid the white masses ; but still you can, to a certain extent, see what is going on. It might terrify you at first to watch the mighty seas come leaping in mountains of foaming wintry-green liquid out of the blinding drift, and you might wait with suspended breath to mark if the buried vessel, whose lower yard-arms seem to touch the water, will have buoyancy to mount the headlong roaring acclivity ; but she is a noble ship and may be trusted ; up she rushes, making the tempest ring out execrations as she spitefully mows at the invisible fury with her magnificent spars, which are resonant with the mad melodies of the gale. After a time you get used to this grand conflict, and watch with interest and awe, unmixed with misgivings, the splendid spectacle of tall and sparkling columns of water arching like titanic serpents over the ship's

weather-bow, and blowing away in dense volumes of crystalline smoke, or preserving their volumes intact and thundering down upon the decks, which they fill with a wild surface of boiling foam that drains off in jets through the scupper-holes, or shoots in quivering yellow and white masses over the lee rails.

5. But under hatches and battened down you see nothing ; you don't know what is happening ; you are imprisoned in the heart of a heavily-labouring ship, and often in a darksome twilight, as in the case of the vessel I am describing, from which every sound, every movement, takes, in a nervous or inexperienced mind, a sinister and gloomy significance. The ear is filled with straining and groaning and grinding noises, with a permanent half-stifled hissing and seething of foam, with the muffled roar of the gale and the rushing surges. Here, too, you feel those movements of the swinging and diving ship which on deck you scarcely notice. I have been hove-to for a whole week off the Horn, and know what the sea is like there in a heavy gale of wind from the southward and eastward. On deck the sight is beyond expression magnificent ; but below, to inexperienced passengers battened down in their bitter bleak quarters, the experience must be simply horrible . . .

6. A little before six o'clock, and when the early Antarctic night lay in ponderous folds of darkness upon the raging sea, the snowstorm ceased as if by magic, the clouds blew away, and left a coal-black sky full of sharp greenish stars, in the midst of which was the beautiful Southern Cross hanging there in glory ; the wind shifted four points to the westward and mounted into a strong breeze . . . the sails were set . . .

the galley fire lighted, the booby-hatch was opened, and the male portion of the 'tween-deck passengers coming on deck found the ship pitching over the heavy Cape Horn swell, rolling her waterways into the swirling belts of froth alongside; the wind of that piercing quality of coldness that freezes upon the cheek the tears which it compels from the eyes; a heaven full of glittering stars overhead, under which the towering masts of the ship waved to-and-fro, making the bright orbs dance in a sickening whirl to the wild time beaten by the reeling spars, and, what was best of all, enough boiling water in the galley coppers to furnish out a hot drink for all hands.

formidable, unbearable, trying.
construing, imagining.
repeating, telling.
typical, a fair sample.
phase, appearance, side.
experienced, encountered.
velocity, speed, rate.
skipper, captain.
magnificent, in grand style.
experience, knowledge, trial.
habitable, fit to live in.
suggestion, idea.
avoided, helped, got over.
audible, heard.
gigantic surges, big waves.
disposed, inclined, willing.

athwart, across.
buoyancy, floating power.
execrations, ravings.
resonant, sounding.
melodies, music.
conflict, fight.
awe, fear.
misgivings, doubts.
titanic, giant-like.
intact, unbroken.
sinister, evil, of bad omen.
permanent, lasting.
inexperienced, unaccustomed.
ponderous, heavy, dense, thick.
orbs, stars, heavenly bodies.
seas, waves.

Hatches—The trap doors or openings by which access is gained from the deck to the lower portions of a vessel. In stormy weather passengers are sent below and the hatches fastened or *battened* down to prevent water washing through the openings. The main-hatch is the opening in the main-deck.

Horn—Cape Horn, the southern point of South America.

Counter—The arch-like part at the stern of a ship.

Reefed—A sail is said to be *reefed* when it is partly rolled up or folded instead of being fully open to the wind.

Scud—Cloud which is driven before the wind.

Watch—The sailors are divided into companies, called *watches*, because they have to keep watch or guard in turns.

Reassuring—Trying to restore confidence.

Binnacle—The compass-box in front of the steering-wheel.

Aft—The after or stern end of a vessel.

Ice limit—The ship was as low as 62° south latitude. Cape Horn is about 56° south latitude; whereas icebergs are occasionally met in the South Atlantic, within 40° of the Equator.

Wheel—The steering-wheel.

Mate—Officer next in command to the captain.

Forecastle—That part of the upper deck lying forward of the foremast.

Leeward—Toward the shore or side on which the wind blows.

Heave-to—To bring a vessel's head to the wind, and thus lessen her speed. The sails are so arranged that one checks the other.

Tarpaulins—Waterproof canvas sheets to cover the hatches.

Emigrants—Persons leaving their native land to settle in a new country.

Authority—A person who can speak from knowledge or experience, and therefore with authority.

Critically—Like one who understands the meanings of the terms used by sailors.

Galley fire—The fire in the cooking room on board a ship.

Sydney—The capital of New South Wales.

Booming—The peculiar sound which accompanies the rolling of the waves and the rushing of the wind.

Bulkheads—Wooden partitions between the decks.

Acclivity—The steep face of the waves.

Southern Cross—A constellation or group of stars in the southern heavens arranged in the form of a cross.

Poop—The aftmost deck of a vessel. A vessel is said to be *pooped* when a wave dashes against the stern, and washing over the poop sweeps along the length of the vessel.

Scuppers—The channels or water-ways running along the sides of the deck for carrying off the water.

Yards—Poles fastened to the masts, by which the sails are extended. Yard-arm, either half of a ship's yard.

Spars—Long poles; a general term for masts, yards, boom, &c.

Athwart—Cross-wise, across the ship's course.

Knots—The rate of a vessel at sea is measured by the log-line, which is divided into equal portions by *knots*; from the number of knots paid out in a given time the sailor is able to calculate the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour.



THE ANCIENT MARINER.¹

[The Ancient Mariner is an eccentric half-crazy old sailor who has been on a voyage from England to the Southern Ocean, and back. He is affected in his mind at uncertain intervals, and when the attack is upon him he wanders about the shore until he meets with a person who suits his fancy, to whom he relates the RIME or story of his voyage. The person on being accosted is held as it were spell-bound by the Ancient Mariner, and forced in spite of himself to listen to the whole of the story.]

PART I.

1. It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
5. 'The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din.'

¹ Parts I. and II., Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

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9. He holds him with his skinny hand ,
‘There was a ship,’ quoth he,
‘Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !’
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.
13. He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years’ child :
The Mariner hath his will.
17. The wedding-guest sat on a stone ;
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.
21. ‘The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.
25. ‘The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.
29. ‘Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——’
The wedding-guest here beat his breast
For he heard the loud bassoon.
33. The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.
37. The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

41. ' And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
45. ' With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
51. ' And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.
55. ' And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.
59. ' The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.
63. ' At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.
67. ' It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

71. 'And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !
75. 'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'
79. 'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?'—'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'



THE ALBATROSS.



PART II.

83. The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.
87. And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hoil !
91. And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow ;
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

97. Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist ;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.
103. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
107. Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be !
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !
111. All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
115. Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
119. Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
123. The very deep did rot ; O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the sliny sea.

127. About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.
131. And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.
135. And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choked with soot.
139. Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young ;
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.
8. **May'st hear**—Thou mayest hear.
11. **Loon**—A rogue, a cheat.
12. **Eftsoons**—At once, quickly.
15. **Like a three-years' child**—Looked up in wonder ; offered no resistance.
25. **Upon the left**—The ship sailing southwards the sun would *rise* on the *left* hand, that is, the east ; and *set* on the *right* hand, that is the west.
32. **Bassoon**—A brass instrument for playing the *bass* part in a piece of music.
42. **Tyrannous**—All powerful.
44. **Chased us**—Drove us before him.
45. **Prow**—The head or foremost part of a vessel.
56. **A dismal sheen**—A dull light, instead of the bright sparkling light generally given out by snow.
57. **Ken**—Know, distinguish.
62. **Like noises in a swoon**—Like the burring, confused noise in the ear when a person is in a *swoon* or fainting fit.
63. **Albatross**—The largest of sea-birds, mostly white in colour ; found from the tropics to the waters of the Antarctic Ocean.

71. **A good south wind**—Which carried them from the icy waters of the Antarctic Ocean to the more pleasant waters of the Tropics.

76. **Vespers**—Evening prayer, as opposed to *matins* or morning prayer.

80. **Fiends**—Evil spirits.

90. **Hollo**—Call.

92. **It would work 'em woe**—Sailors were superstitious regarding the albatross, believing that to shoot one of these birds was to bring *bad luck* to the vessel. Consequently all the misfortunes that befell the sailors on the return voyage are attributed to the 'Ancient Mariner' shooting the albatross.

93. **Averred**—Declared, swore.

97. **Like God's own head**—Bright glowing.

98. **Uprist**—Rose up.

107. **Down dropt the breeze**—There are certain parts of the ocean near the Tropics where an ordinary sailing ship may remain for days without a breath of wind to blow her along, making her as useless as a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

113. **Up above the mast**—They were now near the Equator and the sun was perpendicular.

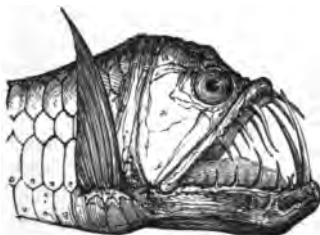
114. **No bigger, &c.**—The more perpendicular the sun and the smaller it appears, the lower the sun and the larger; thus the sun appears very large when *setting*.

127. **In reel and rout, &c.**—In and out in a kind of maddening dance.

128. **Death fires**—Referring to the phosphorescence of the tropical seas. In our own country sailors give it the name of 'fox fire.'

131. **Assured**—Made certain.

133. **Nine fathom**—Sailors measure the depth of water by the fathom, which is 2 yards or 6 feet in length.





NORMAN SOLDIERS.

THE SAXONS AND NORMANS.¹

[When William of Normandy conquered England he dispossessed the Saxons of their estates in order to reward those who had assisted him in conquering the country. Many of the dispossessed Saxons, rather than submit to the yoke of the conqueror, left their native land, and sought refuge on the Continent, large numbers gaining employment under the Greek emperor at Constantinople. These latter composed what was known as the 'Varangian guard,' and formed not only the Emperor's bodyguard, but the principal regiment in his army.

On the prince of Western Europe responding to the call of Peter the Hermit to enter on a crusade against the Saracens, Robert, Duke of Normandy and son of William the Conqueror, took up arms in the cause. The Emperor, anxious to know whether he should look upon

¹ From Sir Walter Scott's *Count Robert of Paris*.

the different nations approaching his dominions as friends or foes, calls upon Hereward—a Saxon, and one of the Varangian Guard—to state what he knows of the Normans.]

1. 'Speak, then, Varangian, in the name of Heaven,' said the Emperor, 'and let us know whether we are to look for friends or enemies in those men of Normandy, who are now approaching our frontier. Speak with courage, man ; and if thou apprehendest danger, remember thou servest a prince well qualified to protect thee.'

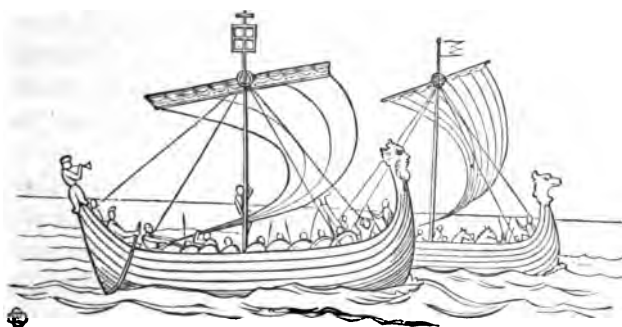
2. 'Since I am at liberty to speak,' answered the life-guardsmen, 'although my knowledge of the Greek language, which you term the Roman, is but slight, I trust it is enough to demand of his Imperial Highness, in place of all pay, donative, or gift whatsoever—since he has been pleased to talk of designing such for me—that he would place me in the first line of battle which shall be formed against these same Normans and their Duke Robert ; and if he pleases to allow me the aid of such Varangians as, for love of me, or hatred of their ancient tyrants, may be disposed to join their arms to mine, I have little doubt so to settle our long accounts with these men, that the Grecian eagles and wolves shall do them the last office, by tearing the flesh from their bones.'

3. 'What dreadful feud is this, my soldier,' said the Emperor, 'that after so many years still drives thee to such extremities when the very name of Normandy is mentioned ?'

4. 'Your Imperial Highness shall be judge !' said the Varangian. 'My fathers, and those of most, though not all of the corps to whom I belong, are descended from a valiant race who dwelt in the North

of Germany, called Anglo-Saxons. Nobody, save a priest possessed of the art of consulting ancient chronicles, can even guess how long it is since they came to the island of Britain, then distracted with civil war. They came, however, on the petition of the natives of the island, for the aid of the Angles was requested by the southern inhabitants. Provinces were granted in recompense of the aid thus liberally afforded, and the greater proportion of the island became, by degrees, the property of the Anglo-Saxons, who occupied it at first as several principalities, and latterly, as one kingdom, speaking the language, and observing the laws of most of those who now form your imperial bodyguard of Varangians, or exiles. In process of time the northern became known to the people of the more southern climates. They were so called from their coming from the distant regions of the Baltic Sea—an immense ocean, sometimes frozen with ice as hard as the cliffs of Mount Caucasus. They came seeking milder regions than nature had assigned them at home; and the climate of France being delightful, and its people slow in battle, they extorted from them the grant of a large province, which was, from the name of the new settlers, called Normandy, though I have heard my father say that was not its proper appellation. They settled under a duke, who acknowledged the superior authority of the King of France—that is to say, obeying him when it suited his convenience so to do.

5. 'Now, it chanced many years since, while these two nations of Normans and Anglo-Saxons were quietly residing upon different sides of the salt-water channel which divides France from England, that



NORMAN SHIPS.

William, Duke of Normandy, suddenly levied a large army, came over to Kent, which is on the opposite side of the channel, and there defeated, in great battle, Harold, who was at that time King of the Anglo-Saxons. It is but grief to tell what followed. Battles have been fought in old time that have had dreadful results, which years, nevertheless, could wash away; but at Hastings, O woe's me! the banner of my country fell, never again to be raised up. Oppression has driven her wheel over us. All that was valiant amongst us have left the land; and of Englishmen—for such is our proper designation—no one remains in England save as the thrall of the invader. Many men of Danish descent, who had found their way on different occasions to England, were blended in the common calamity. All was laid desolate by the command of the victors. My father's home lies now an undistinguished ruin, amid an extensive forest, composed out of what were formerly fair fields and domestic pastures, where a manly race derived nourishment by cultivating a friendly soil. The fire

has destroyed the church where sleep the fathers of my race ; and I, the last of their line, am a wanderer in other climates—a fighter of the battles of others—a servant of a foreign, though a kind master ; in a word, one of the banished—a Varangian.'

6. ' Happier in that station,' said Achilles Tatius, ' than in all the barbaric simplicity which your forefathers prized so highly, since you are now under the cheering influence of that smile which is the life of the world.'

7. ' It avails not talking of this,' said the Varangian, with a cold gesture.

8. ' These Normans,' said the Emperor, ' are then the people by whom the celebrated island of Britain is now conquered and governed ?'

9. ' It is but too true,' answered the Varangian.

10. ' They are then a brave and warlike people ?' said Alexius.

11. ' It would be base and false to say otherwise of an enemy,' said Hereward. ' Wrong have they done me, and a wrong never to be atoned ; but to speak falsehood of them were but a woman's vengeance. Mortal enemies as they are to me, and mingling with all my recollections as that which is hateful and odious, yet were the troops of Europe mustered, as it seems they are likely to be, no nation or tribe dared in gallantry claim the advance of the haughty Norman.'

12. ' And this Duke Robert, who is he ?'

13. ' That,' answered the Varangian, ' I cannot so well explain. He is the son—the eldest son, as men say—of the tyrant William, who subdued England when I hardly existed, or was a child in the cradle.

: William, the victor of Hastings, is now dead,

we are assured by concurring testimony ; but while it seems his eldest son, Duke Robert, has become his heir to the Duchy of Normandy, some other of his children have been so fortunate as to acquire the throne of England—unless, indeed, like the petty farm of some obscure yeoman, the fair kingdom has been divided among the tyrant's issue.'

Varangians, foreigners.

apprehendest, fearest.

qualified, able.

at liberty, have permission.

donative, gift, reward.

designing, planning.

tyrants, oppressive rulers.

disposed, inclined, willing.

accounts, matters in dispute.

feud, quarrel.

extremities, ends.

descended, come down.

valiant, brave.

petition, request.

exiles, persons banished.

assigned, given.

appellation, name, title.

superior, higher in authority.

convenience, pleasure.

residing, dwelling.

derived, obtained.

climates, countries of different temperatures.

gesture, motion of the body.

mortal, deadly.

odious, offensive.

mustered, gathered together.

gallantry, bravery.

haughty, proud.

subdued, conquered.

fortunate, lucky.

acquired, got possession.

obscure, unknown.

Consulting ancient chronicles—The parentage, descent, and achievements of their great men were recorded in songs, or in later times committed to writing ; these writings were called the *chronicles*. In those early times the priests were the only educated persons in the state, and to them fell the lot of recording or of making known the chronicles.

Mount Caucasus—A high range of mountains in the south of Russia, between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

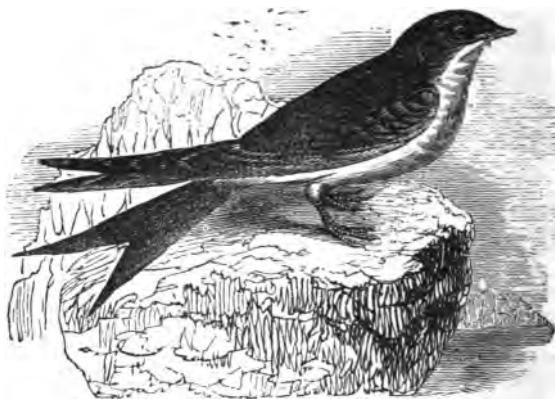
Normandy—A province in the north of France, so called from the Danes or *Norsemen* who settled there.

A great battle—The battle of Hastings in which Harold the Saxon king was slain.

Banner of my country—The golden dragon of Wessex.

Oppression has driven her wheel—Referring to the cruel treatment which the Normans meted out to the Saxons, looking upon them as serfs and bondsmen.

Common calamity—The troubles fell not upon the Saxons only, but also upon the Danes who had at different times settled in the country and who were descended from the same race as the Normans.



THE SWALLOW.

'BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES.'¹

1. Of the four seasons, it is only winter that in leaving us goes away grumbling and discontented. He has a sneaking habit of again and again returning, weeks after his lawful sway has ended, to wreak his spite upon gentle-hearted spring ; now blanching her fresh young face with his cold slimy sleet, now drawing the blood into her cheeks with a rude blast from the north, and now hurling upon her a snowstorm that frightens her right away. No wonder that the birds, which left us in October, wait until spring's second month ere they venture back again to the land of their birth. Nor is it at all surprising that Flora keeps back her choicest blossoms until May, nor even that the

¹ W. Oak Rhind, in the *Illustrated London News*, by special permission.

leaves, which in March seem all but bursting from their buds, dare not unfold until April, May, or even June has come.

2. Spite, however, of winter's churlish behaviour to his gentle successor, nature has in store some of her sweetest offspring to welcome the blushing spring on her earliest approach. Bravest of all the brave-hearted things that shrink not from winter's spitefulness, is the little white snowdrop, 'first-born of the year's delight,' 'the morning star of flowers.' How often have we seen the sweet pale thing, in its anxiety to be quite in time to greet her, burst through the snow itself—alas! long before spring has come! How pretty it hangs its snow-white head, and how patiently it seems to wait during those few short days before it droops and dies—shall we say broken-hearted? The celandine, with its smooth, heart-shaped leaves, and yellow star-like blossoms, is another charming little wilding that ventures forth early in the year.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,

comes the modest little flower that Wordsworth tried so hard to make beloved as one of the earliest heralds of the spring. Violets and primroses are perhaps spring flowers, rather than harbingers of the most delightful of the seasons; yet, long before spring has come really to stay with us, many an adventurous sweet violet may be found in sheltered places, wafting through the cold woodland its delicious incense; and in secluded lane-banks we come across many a pale

primrose scenting the air with its daintier, but not less charming, perfume. Closely following the brave little snowdrop and the celandine are the daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

But daffodils, like the narcissus and the gay crocuses which now deck our gardens, are only occasionally found wild ; and it is of nature's wildings we would speak. In the woods of our midland and southern counties may now be found the pretty pink flowers of the mezereon, or spurge laurel, and in the fields the bright yellow blossoms of the common coltsfoot, and the spike-like heads of the butterbur, and under shelter of the hedges the little blue flowers of the ground ivy and the veronica. The pretty whin-bush of our commons, like Burns's 'wee, modest crimson-tipped flow'r,' may be seen blooming at all seasons of the year ; but it is in the opening months of the year that we love best to see it.

3. What few there are we dearly love ; yet it must be confessed that the flowers which venture to unbosom themselves to the rain and sleet of February and to the winds of March are very scanty. But it is not to Flora that the fresh young spring looks for her brightest welcome. When winter's frosts and snows encompassed all the land, some birds there were that disdained to seek shelter in foreign climes ; it is from these the new-comer gets her heartiest greeting ; the larks, thrushes, and blackbirds, that in the inclement season nestled together under the lifeless hedges and in the ditch-banks ; the sparrows, yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, which then crowded the farmyards

and the warm manured fields near towns ; the birds which not frost nor snow nor naked trees could drive from their woodland haunts ; the storm-cock that sang loud and clear all through the wildest wintry weather ; the darling robin, who in those cold dreary months made himself, or tried to make himself, at home everywhere.

4. Amid the louder lays of April and May, when the migratory birds have come to swell the spring harmony, Robin's soft strain is almost lost, like the warm hue on his breast ; but now, before the spring-time has quite begun, his sweet love-notes—for he has already wooed and won his love—are readily distinguished. Another little bird whose sweet strains are heard all through February and March, from wood, and field, and garden-hedge, is the merry bright-eyed chaffinch, that, like the redbreast, finds a mate early in the year, though he does not begin to build so soon as our winter favourite. In February and March may also be heard the low plaintive song of the hedge-accentor, and the flutelike notes of the woodlark.

5. But of the early singers, three birds stand out more prominently than the rest, as the harbingers of spring : these are the thrush, the blackbird, and the skylark. Although each of these three charming choristers has marked individuality in his song, it were hard to say which holds first place in our affections. Perhaps each one, as we hear it, seems in turn the dearest. Now it is the thrush's full purity of intonation that charms us, and his wonderful variety of notes ; now the less varied but rich and mellow strain of the blackbird, or, perchance, his beautiful, inde-

scribably plaintive call note ; and now it is the skylark's matin hymn. We may hear the blackbird and



THE BLACKBIRD.

the thrush in most of our pastoral lanes ; but to hear them at their best we must go to the evergreen shrubberies of laurels, yews, bays, and hollies, and where the ivy clings in wild confusion. The dark, perennial

branches of the shrubberies afford them the seclusion that they love, though the thrush is not nearly so shy and retiring as the blackbird. Our solitary jet-black chorister is rarely seen except at feeding time, which is in the early morning and at sunset, on the grass land nearest his haunts. The skylark, too, is a solitary bird. But how different is his loneliness to the blackbird's ! His haunts are far away from the sheltered shrubberies of the merle and thrush, away from trees altogether, on the wild pastures bordering the moorland, and on all high-lying fields where the expanse of sky is wide and unconfined. In February the skylark chooses his mate, and thence all through the months of spring we hear his wild, rich love-song. Not the nightingale himself in his leafy bower sings to his little sweetheart more unwearyingly, scarce more tenderly than our 'bird of the wilderness.' Let there be but the faintest touch of mildness in the air, and, bounding from the dripping grass, on fluttering wing, he mounts the air, and

'singing ever soars, and soaring ever sings.' Who has not stopped, sweet bird, to listen to that loud, wild lay of thine?—and how often we strain our eyes



THE NIGHTINGALE.

to get a glimpse of thee, when thou art far away
above the clouds—

Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

'Herald of the morn,' Romeo tells his Juliet; and truly—but all day long thou singest, descending ever and again, perchance, from a fear that thy loved one cannot hear thee—

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

discontented, dissatisfied.
blanching, whitening, turning pale.
churlish, rude.
successor, follower.
anxiety, care.
greet, welcome.
modest, retired.
herald, messenger.
harbinger, forerunner.
haunt, dwelling-place.
secluded, lonely, standing apart.
occasionally, now and then.
unbosom, unfold.
encompassed, covered, shut in.

disdained, scorned.
inclement, stormy, severe.
harmony, music.
distinguished, recognised.
unconfined, without bounds.
confessed, owned, admitted.
plaintive, sad, mournful.
prominently, to the front.
affection, love, liking.
intonation, note.
confusion, disorder.
seclusion, loneliness.
rarely, seldom.
gloaming, evening twilight.

Lawful sway—The time that winter is supposed to last according to the almanac.

Wreak his spite—To take vengeance; spring is generally represented as a maiden scattering flowers along her path.

Flora—The goddess of flowers.

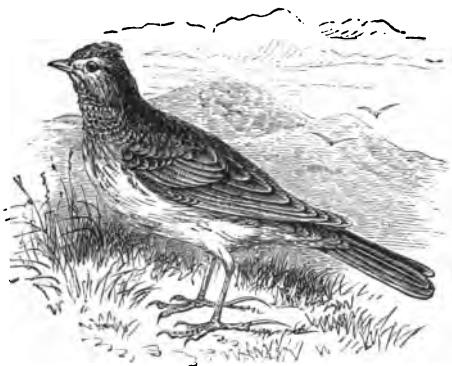
Migratory—Removing from place to place; staying for a part of the year only, as the cuckoo, swallow, &c.

Matin hymn—Morning song, as opposed to vesper or evening song.

Perennial—Lasting through the year, like the holly and other evergreens, as opposed to annuals which drop their leaves on the approach of winter.

'Ere a leaf, &c.—From Wordsworth's 'Celandine.' 'Bird of the wilderness,' &c., 'Where, on thy dewy wing,' &c., 'Then when the gloaming comes,' &c.—from Hogg's 'Skylark.'

Romeo and Juliet—The two principal characters in Shakespeare's play of 'Romeo and Juliet.'



THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day ;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away ;

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

HOGG.

James Hogg—A farmer in Selkirk, and known as the Ettrick shepherd.

Wilderness—Not used in the sense of desert, but as a *wild* uninhabited place.

Blithesome and cumberless—Cheerful and without care.

Matin—Morning song.

Lea—Meadow or grassland as opposed to the wild moorland.

Emblem—A picture, token.

Love gives it energy—Implying that the lark's lay or song springs out of love for its mate.

Dewy wing—In rising to sing its morning song it has to spring from the dewy grass.

Fell—Rocky hill-side.

Sheen—Bright.

Red streamer, &c.—The first ray of the sun which heralds or announces the coming day.

Cherub—Angel.

Gloaming—The evening twilight.





ARRIMA. THE VILLAGE OF BAMBOO BASKET WORK.

DESCRIPTION OF A JAPANESE VILLAGE.¹

1. To-day,² being the Japanese New Year's Day, all the little shrines in the houses and along the road were prettily decorated, and had offerings of rice, *saki*, and fruit deposited upon them. The spirits of the departed are supposed to come down and partake not of the things themselves, but of the subtile invisible essence that rises from them. The road now became very pretty, winding through the valleys, climbing up and dipping down the various hills, and passing through picturesque villages, where all the people, leaving their meals or their games, came out to look at us, while some of the children scampered on to secure a good view of the foreigners, and others ran away frightened and screaming. They were all dressed in dark blue clothes, turned up with red, with

¹ From *A Voyage in the Sunbeam*.

² February 13.

bright embroidered *obis* and flowers in their elaborately-dressed hair.

2. In rather more than three hours we reached Arrima, a village far more beautifully situated than any we had seen, in the very centre of the mountains, where a dozen valleys converge into one centre. On one side are mineral springs, on the other a river. Bamboos grow luxuriantly on all sides, and the inhabitants of the various valleys obtain their livelihood by manufacturing from them all sorts of articles: boxes for every conceivable purpose; baskets fine and coarse, large and small, useful and ornamental, coloured and plain, brushes, pipes, battle-dores and shuttlecocks, sticks, spoons, knives and forks, sauce ladles, boats, lamps, cradles, &c.

3. The first glimpse of the village is lovely; that from the bridge that crosses the river is still more so. We clambered up narrow streets, with quaint carved houses and overhanging balconies, till we reached a tea-house, kept by a closely-shaven bonze, or priest. He seemed very pleased to see us, and bowed and shook hands over and over again. He placed his whole house at our disposal, and a very clean, pretty, and well-arranged house it was, with a lovely little flower garden, ornamented with mimic temples and bridges of ice, fashioned by the hard frost, with but little assistance from the hand of man.

4. Every house and shop in those narrow picturesque streets was a study in itself, and so were the quaint groups of people we met, and who gazed eagerly at us. We looked into the public baths, two oblong tanks, into which the mineral springs came bubbling up, thick and yellow, and strongly impreg-

nated with iron, at a temperature of 112°. They are covered in, and there is a rough passage round them. Here, in the bathing season, people of both sexes stand in rows, packed as tight as herrings in a barrel, and there are just as many outside waiting their turn to enter. To-day there were only two bathers, immersed up to their chins in the steaming water.

5. From the baths we went to some of the best basket shops, where the beauty and cheapness of the articles exposed for sale offered great temptations. We had to disturb our *jinrikisha* men who were enjoying their frugal meal at a separate tea-house. It was beautifully served, and as clean and nicely cooked as possible. Each man had his own little table and eight or ten separate dishes, a bottle of *saki*, tea-pipe, and *hibatchi*, arranged exactly as ours had been at the tea-house at Yokohama. How well they managed their chop-sticks, how quickly they shovelled the food down, and how clean they left each dish! Habit is everything.

decorated, beautified.
deposited, placed.
subtile, thin, rare, fine.
departed, dead.
partake, eat.
secure, make sure of.
elaborately, with great labour.
situated, placed.
converge, meet.
luxuriantly, in great numbers.
conceivable, can be imagined.
glimpse, sight.

quaint, old fashioned.
disposal, use, convenience.
arranged, ordered.
mimic, imitation.
assistance, help.
study, something to admire.
eagerly, watchfully.
immersed, covered.
exposed, set out.
frugal, careful, not costly.
separate, different.
arranged, placed.

Shrines—Cases containing their gods or sacred relics.

Essence—A supposed property or quality peculiar to each substance and which distinguishes it from every other substance.

Embroidered—Ornamented with needlework round the border.

Impregnated with iron—Having large quantities of iron in solution.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.¹

PART I.

1. There is no Englishman whose life is so interesting as that of Sir Walter Raleigh. He lived in the grandest period of English history, in the reign of a great Queen who was surrounded by such a circle of statesmen, writers, and great commanders by sea and land as England has never seen before or since. He was a great sailor and a great soldier, a traveller, a discoverer, a courtier, and a statesman ; therefore he is the first of the great men whose glorious footprints we shall now do something to examine.

2. At the time that Walter Raleigh was born

¹ From *Glorious Footprints in Golden Childhood*, by permission.

England was in great danger from enemies on every side. Scotland was not then united with us, and from time to time there were desperate wars between the two countries. When France was at war with us Scotland generally joined her, so that we had two enemies to fight at once. Ireland was scarcely a civilised country, and the English lived in a constant state of warfare with its wild inhabitants.

3. But our greatest difficulty was with Spain. The Spaniards were Catholics who believed that it was a sacred duty for them to compel the English by force of arms to accept the Catholic religion. But the people remembered what had taken place in the reign of Queen Mary only a few years before, and with the recollection of these things in their minds Englishmen were determined to resist the King of Spain to the last.

4. But Spain was then the greatest Power in the world. Her soldiers were the hardiest and her generals the best in Europe. The islands of the West Indies, all that had then been discovered both of North and South America and of the East Indies, were in her possession. From these distant parts her ships returned home every year laden with gold and silver in solid bars, with precious stones, and with all sorts of rare and curious things never seen before in Europe. Try to think of a ship with such a cargo as this which I am going to describe to you, and fancy the wonder of the people at home when all these things were hoisted out. The ship was captured by the English, and contained silks, calicoes, quilts, carpets, and dyes; pepper, cloves, mace, nutmegs, cinnamon, green ginger, frankincense, aloes, and

camphor. There were elephants' teeth, porcelain vessels from China, bedsteads of ebony wood, and last, but not least, a quantity of pearls. A great part of all the wealth in such ships as these went into the hands of the King of Spain, Philip II., and he for his part devoted it to the one purpose of subduing the Protestant Queen of England and her people.

5. For a time there was peace. It was known that the Spanish king was thinking how he might best destroy England, that a huge fleet of ships, called an Armada, was being prepared, and soldiers got ready for the conquest of England ; but efforts were made to prevent actual war for some years. Strange as it may seem to us, although no war had been declared, the ships of the two countries, England and Spain, seldom met without fighting. In those days a private gentleman or merchant might fit out a ship, large or small according to his means, and arm her with guns. In time of peace she was a merchant ship, and simply carried his goods ; in time of war she became one of Queen Elizabeth's ships and formed part of her navy. All over Europe there was fighting, generally between Catholics and Protestants. It was in such stirring times as these that young Walter Raleigh grew up.

6. He was born at Hayes Barton, near Budleigh in Devonshire, which, with its neighbour Cornwall, has always been famous for producing sailors. Young Raleigh, though destined to play a great part on land, took to the sea, and lived to be acknowledged as the greatest naval commander of his time. He began his career with his relative Sir Humphrey Gilbert. His first taste of fighting at sea was such as might

well have discouraged him, for the English vessels were defeated by some Spanish ships which they met. Yet Raleigh was not led to despair by one failure. He resolved to 'try again,' and ever afterwards he was successful against the Spaniards.

7. It was young Raleigh's good fortune to live in the reign of a queen who loved to encourage and reward merit, and who was quick to discover if a man had talents which could be useful to his country. It was to Queen Elizabeth's bounty, as well as to his own courage and ability, that he owed his great success ; but it was by a curious accident that he first attracted the Queen's notice. She was walking on one occasion, and came to a rather muddy piece of road. She stopped, and before any of her courtiers could help her across, Raleigh, who was standing by, flung his cloak into the road for her to step over.

8. I have told you how great a country Spain then was, how powerful in her fleets of great ships looking like floating castles, and regiments of trained soldiers ; and how wealthy she became as all the treasures of distant lands in East and West came pouring in. But I have not told you how poor and small England was. Now, England, Scotland, and Ireland form one United Kingdom. English people have gone forth by thousands year after year, and are still going, to people our colonies in Australia, in Africa, and in North America. The mighty empire of India has been conquered by Englishmen, and in that country alone Queen Victoria has two hundred and fifty millions of subjects whom her statesmen are trying to improve and civilise. Our merchants now trade with every corner of the earth, and the Navy

which protects them is the most powerful in the world.

9. But all this was very different in the time of Queen Elizabeth. We had no colonies or settlements in distant lands, and many of those which are now inhabited by millions of people had not been discovered. Try and think of that! Think of the great country which we now call the United States of America, with its forty millions of people, as unknown! That there was land in that direction was known, it is true, for Columbus some years before had discovered it, and the Spaniards had settled in the West Indies. But this was all, and great indeed would have been the surprise of our ancestors if they had been told that that enormous continent would be peopled in years to come by the English race, that the English language would be spoken from the Gulf of Mexico almost to the Arctic circle.

10. Then, again, England was very poor; she could not afford the money to build many great ships, or to arm and drill thousands of soldiers. So that, what with the Scotch on one side, whose Queen—you have all heard of Mary Queen of Scots—was a Catholic, and who wanted to become Queen of England too, and to help the King of Spain in forcing the English to give up the Protestant religion in which they believed, and become Catholics; Ireland always in trouble, France often at war with us, and Spain determined to make an end of us altogether, Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers had an anxious time of it. Sometimes it must have seemed to them that their little kingdom could hardly escape destruction from such a swarm of enemies.

interesting, engaging.
examine, look into.
desperate, fierce.
difficulty, trouble.
compel, force.
accept, take, receive.
recollection, remembrance.
determined, made up their minds.
precious, valuable.
cargo, load, freight.
subduing, conquering.
destroy, ruin.
prepared, made ready.
efforts, attempts.
actual, real.
acknowledged, counted, looked upon.

destined, set apart, intended.
career, life, history.
discouraged, disheartened.
despair, to give up all hope.
resolved, determined.
successful, victorious.
discover, find out.
talents, powers, qualities.
ability, power.
distant, far-off.
civilise, enlighten.
ancestors, forefathers.
enormous, great, extensive.
hardiest, inured, or accustomed to the hard life of soldiers when campaigning.

A great Queen—Queen Elizabeth (1558 to 1603), whose government raised England to be one of the most powerful nations in Europe.

Circle of statesmen, &c.—Burleigh and Walsingham, statesmen. Spenser, Shakespeare, writers. Sydney, military commander. Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, naval commanders.

The Spaniards were Catholics, &c.—Spain was looked up to as the champion of Roman Catholicism, and England as the champion of Protestantism.

The Spanish king was thinking, &c.—Philip was over three years in preparing the Armada.

Encourage and reward merit—Bestow her favour upon the deserving.





QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PART II.

1. And how did England escape after all? It was by the wisdom of the great men who surrounded the Queen, and whose names, I hope, will be familiar to all English boys and English girls while the world lasts. There were many of them: William Cecil, whom the Queen created Lord Burleigh; his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury; Walsingham; Howard of Effingham; Francis Drake, the first man that ever sailed round the world; and Walter Raleigh.

2. England then was a small poor kingdom without colonies, with a very small army, and a navy

which consisted to a great extent of vessels belonging to private gentlemen, and of no great size. Raleigh saw that if England was to contend against such powerful enemies she must be rich. There is one thing which I should like you all to remember about great men : they look forward ; they are not content with what they see around them ; they are determined to improve all who come within their reach, and leave their country better than they found it.

3. The wealth and greatness of Spain were derived from her colonies, and it was resolved by Walter Raleigh that England should have colonies too. With this object one expedition after another was sent out to explore the new lands of North and South America. In some of these Raleigh went himself ; others were fitted out at his expense, and commanded by officers whom he chose. The immense treasure captured from time to time in Spanish ships led many people to believe that South America contained countries where gold was so plentiful that it could almost be picked up in the streets, and some even went as far as to believe in the existence of a city built of gold. These dreams of course were never realised, but countries of great natural wealth were discovered, and the great rivers Orinoco and Amazon were explored.

4. But the expedition with which we are most concerned is that to Virginia, which is now one of the 'States' of America. It was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's cousin, and consisted of seven ships, carrying about a hundred settlers, some cattle, and some seeds of English fruit-trees, plants

and vegetables. Their object was to form a settlement or colony, and when the trees and plants grew up it was hoped that the landscape of Virginia would look like that of England.

5. Raleigh provided the ships and bore the expense, but did not accompany his cousin. He had made many such voyages, and in after years was destined to make many more. When Sir Richard Grenville's fleet sailed, moreover, it was impossible for Raleigh to go with them, as he had been promoted by the Queen to be her 'Captain of the Guard.' From this small beginning sprang the United States of America.

6. There were also two things brought back by the English sailors when they returned. You have all heard of them and seen them hundreds of times ; so often, indeed, that you will wonder how the world must have looked without them. Those two things were tobacco and potatoes. Only think of sitting



TOBACCO PLANT.

down to dinner without potatoes ! Yet until the time of the expedition to Virginia this is what English people did every day of their lives. When you eat your next potato, therefore, you must remember that you owe it to Sir Walter Raleigh. As to tobacco, I am afraid that was not quite such a useful

thing to introduce ; yet I will tell you a story of Sir Walter Raleigh and his pipe, which will show you how 'ever and thoughtful a man he was

7. One day he was smoking his great silver pipe, and the Queen and many of her attendants were looking on, not without astonishment indeed, for it was considered an extraordinary sight. The Queen turned to him and said, jokingly, that, clever as he was, he could not tell the weight of the smoke.

8. 'Your Majesty must excuse me,' was Raleigh's answer, 'for the thing is quite easy.'

9. The Queen could not believe such a thing, and laid a bet that he could not do it.

10. 'Your Majesty shall be the judge,' he said. He then took a little tobacco and had it carefully weighed, the Queen looking on all the time. He then filled his pipe with it and smoked it. When he had finished he carefully emptied the ashes out of the pipe into the scales and weighed them. Of course the ashes were much the lighter; the difference between the two weights represented the weight of the smoke. The Queen paid the bet with a laugh, and told him that he had turned smoke into gold.

11. I have not time to tell you now how bravely and skilfully he fought against the great Spanish Armada. There was one long battle in the Channel between the English and Spanish fleets which lasted nine days, and ended in the total defeat of the Spaniards. Then tremendous gales of wind sprang up, and such of the Spanish ships as had escaped the English fled round the north of Scotland, and in fact, right round England, and so into the open sea and back to Spain. Nor can I tell you now very much about the great attack upon the Spanish city of Cadiz. In this battle, Raleigh's ship, the *Warspite*, led the attack, and did the hardest fighting of the

whole fleet; and here, too, he was very badly wounded by a cannon-shot.

12. And after all these services to his country what do you think became of him? I will tell you. After Queen Elizabeth's death the King of Scotland succeeded her as James I. He had none of Elizabeth's great qualities, and instead of choosing great men to serve him, his Ministers were worthless favourites, who flattered him and encouraged him—for he was as vain as a peacock—to believe that he was the wisest and greatest king in the world. On a false charge of treason Raleigh was tried and ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower of London, and there he remained for twelve long years.

13. But even in the Tower he retained his cheerfulness and did not give way to despair; and it was there that he wrote a magnificent book, entitled 'The History of the World.' He also wrote an essay on shipbuilding, and another on the art of war. At last he was set at liberty, and once more set to work to found fresh colonies, this time in Guiana. As soon as his fleet entered the river Orinoco Raleigh fell ill, and the expedition failed. As it was altogether opposed to Spanish interests the Spaniards were full of rage against England, and the Spanish Ambassador began to use threatening language. Instead of answering him as Elizabeth would have done, James, like the mean coward that he was, tried to propitiate the Spaniards by sacrificing Sir Walter Raleigh. After all that he had done for England and for the world, he was put to death as a traitor on October 29, 1618. He was sixty-six years old. But you see that since then right has prevailed, and while the whole

world recognises James I. as a coward and a tyrant, it has given Walter Raleigh a place as one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived.

escape , free itself.	astonishment , surprise.
created , made, entitled.	extraordinary , strange.
colonies , foreign possessions.	represented , showed, equalled.
content , satisfied.	total defeat , destruction.
derived , obtained, got.	succeeded , followed.
resolved , decided.	treason , plotting against his country.
explore , view, examine.	magnificent , great, important.
immense , great.	found , plant.
realised , accomplished.	opposed , against.
concerned , interested.	sacrificing , giving up to be executed.
landscape , appearance of the country.	propitiate , make friends.
accompany , go with.	traitor , a betrayer of his country.
impossible , not practicable.	prevailed , been victorious.
promoted , advanced.	recognises , considers.
introduce , bring into.	

Expedition—An army or company of men sent forth for a certain purpose.

A city built of gold—This city they called the El Dorado, and supposed it to be somewhere along the banks of the Orinoco.

Orinoco and Amazon—Two very large rivers in South America.

Virginia—The first colony founded in North America, and called Virginia after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen.

The Invincible Armada—Sent by Philip of Spain to conquer and crush England.

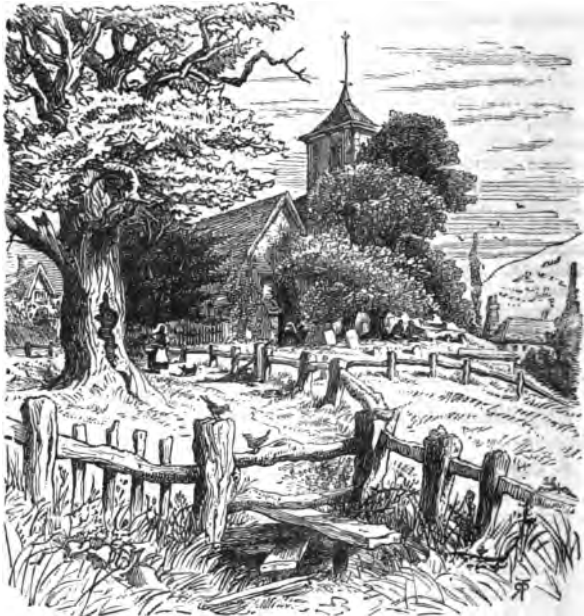
Cadiz—In the south of Spain, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

Elizabeth's great qualities—Courage, statecraft, insight into character.

Wisest and greatest king—James I. liked to be looked upon as a second Solomon.

Guiana—A province in South America, lying between the mouths of the Orinoco and Amazon.

Spanish Ambassador—The person appointed to represent the interests of Spain in this country.



THE ENGLISH BOY.

1. Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy ;
Thy country's fields around thee gleam,
In sunlight and in joy.

2. Ages have rolled since foeman's march
Passed o'er that old, firm sod ;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God.

3. Gaze proudly on, my English boy,
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind.
4. There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which poured forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.
5. How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, midst oak and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.
6. And round their walls the good swords hang,
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain :
Gaze on, my English boy.
7. Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.
8. Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood,
That England's prayer might rise
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfettered to the skies.
9. Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

10. Gaze on,—gaze farther, farther yet,—
 My gallant English boy !
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
 The billows' pride and joy.
11. Those waves in many a fight have closed
 Above her faithful dead ;
 That red-cross flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.
12. They perished—this green turf to keep
 By hostile tread unstained,
 These knightly halls inviolate,
 Those churches unprofaned.
13. And high and clear their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet.
14. Lift up thy heart, my English boy,
 And pray like *them* to stand,
 Should God so summon *thee* to guard
 The altars of the land.

MRS. HEMANS.

ancient, old.
gleam, shine.
ages, years, a long time.
foeman, enemy.
fealty, faithfulness, fidelity.
chainless, free, unfettered.
chivalry, knights, horse-soldiers.
yeomen, freeholders, farmers.
haply, perhaps.
antique, old looking.

unfettered, free, without hind-
 rance.
aisles, passages in a church.
faithful, true to their country.
unstained, free from dishonour.
inviolate, uninjured.
summon, call, require.
altars, sacred places.
fanes, temples, churches.

Kindling mind—A mind that is being inspirited or excited.

Beneath thee lie—Because the boy is supposed to be looking down
 from the mountain top.

Fields of yore—Ancient battle-fields.

Cressy's yeomen—The victory of Cressy, gained by Edward III. over the French (1346), was mainly due to the English yeomen, that is, the bowmen or archers.

Pure from stain—Free from dishonour.

Hamlet's ivied church—The village church overgrown with ivy.

Minster lifts the cross—The church with its spire surmounted with a cross.

Martyrs have showered, &c.—Cranmer, Latimer, &c., who suffered death in the cause of religion.

Most glorious dust—The remains of the great and glorious men of the country are buried along the aisles of the church, or under the trees in the churchyard.

Thy country's flag—The 'Union Jack.'

In many a fight—As La Hogue, Trafalgar.

Their memory's light—The memory of their deeds serves as a beacon to light us along the way trod by our ancestors.



LOST IN THE BUSH.¹

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

I.



LOST IN THE BUSH.

I have more than once been lost for days in the bush, but as I always had my gun, some matches, salt, and tobacco with me, it troubled me very little, and as long as my ammunition lasted I was just as well there as anywhere else ; but, I had one night in the Australian forest which

I shan't easily forget, when neither gun, matches, salt, or tobacco were of any avail, and which was, perhaps, the longest and most dreary night I ever spent in my life. It was the very night when the fiercest thunderstorm raged in our forest which had, perhaps, ever been known in Victoria ; none of your evanescent storms which, perhaps, last for a couple of hours and pass over, but a downright cannonade of thunder and lightning for nearly ten hours, a thunder clap and a flash of lightning about every five minutes (and such thunder and lightning

¹ *Intellectual Observer*, by permission, slightly adapted.

as we can never hear or see far north of the Equator), accompanied at first with a rain which was perfectly deluging. I was at that time camped about twenty miles south of Melbourne, on the beach, not far from the Cannonade Creek, then a wild spot, little frequented, and close to a large swamp at that day, perhaps one of the very best places for duck in western parts. The station-master gave me leave to live in an old hut, which I cobbled up with the aid of a few old bullock hides and tea-tree scrub, and made habitable; and although I certainly have lived in finer and better furnished rooms, I really do not believe I ever was more happy than in that old bush hut. At the time I mention I was without a mate, and one afternoon, when coming home from a solitary ramble over the plains, I called upon a cockatoo settler, an old friend of mine, who had bought a paddock about three miles back in the forest, where I got my tea. The afternoon had been hot and sultry, the dogs could not work, the quail lay like stone; and a kind of oppressive stillness reigned over all, unbroken save by a low, distant, angry rumbling, which every now and then struck the ear. All betokened the coming tempest. 'You'd better not get bushed to-night,' said the station-master, as he passed me on his road home, driving in some cattle, 'for we shall have dirty weather before morning.' 'No fear, mate,' was my reply, but it turned out a very random one.

2. It was pitch dark when I left my friend's house, and I had about three English miles of forest between me and my tent. A few drops of heavy rain now and then fell, but I fancied I should get home before the storm broke out. I kept down his paddock fence

and came well into the forest. The night was so still that I could hear the sea come rolling in on the beach, so I had not the least difficulty in steering my course. I was walking on jolly enough, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, the sky was literally rent by the lightning, and bang burst the thunder right over my head ; such a peal, it seemed as if neither heaven nor earth could have stood so sudden a concussion. Then followed a flash of lightning, the like of which I had never seen before, but which I was fated to see more than once again on that night ; and, without anything of a metaphor, the flood-gates of heaven did really open, for such a deluge of rain came down, that I could compare it to nothing except having pails of water emptied on me. It was about nine o'clock ; this deluge of rain lasted for at least an hour, without diminishing one drop, nor did the storm abate one bit of its violence till just before the sun rose, about five next morning. I tried to find my way back to the fence, but could not ; the thunder crashed over my head, not a sudden clap, but a continued roar for nearly a minute, when the blue lightning came hissing through the sky, and the whole forest would blaze up with light. There was something truly awful in the sudden pitchy darkness, which would shut me in again in a moment after the flash died away. At first I was so stunned with the noise, frightened at the dreadful lightning, blinded and deluged with the rain, that I did not know what to do, but suddenly a flash of lightning, which seemed to play in rings down my gun-barrel . . . brought me to my senses. It would never do to carry my gun about in such a storm, and yet I dare not lay it down,

for I knew I should never find it again ; so I was puzzled how to act. My gun I must save at all risks. Yet my life, though at that moment it did not appear to be worth many minutes' purchase, was dearer than my gun.

3. It luckily happened that a bush fire had swept over the forest a few days before, and many old logs and stumps—notwithstanding all the rain—were still burning. I saw one at a little distance, and close to it I placed my gun, and kept sentry over it the whole night. I don't know why I dare not sit down, but I got a notion into my head that I was safer if I walked about ; and there I paced backwards and forwards, never losing sight of the one little spark in the forest gloom, which showed me where the only single treasure I at that time owned in the whole world lay. I have described the first clap of thunder and the first flash of lightning, and I need not describe another, for they both continued the same without the least variation, at intervals of about five minutes, throughout the whole night. My position certainly was critical, for a large gum tree was struck with the lightning, and shivered from the top to the root, not very far from where I stood. I never, however, knew this till I went back with the station-master the next day to see it. I certainly did recollect hearing one roll of thunder louder than the rest, and seeing a flash of lightning which appeared to come nearer down to me than any other, but the thunder and lightning came so simultaneously, that the rattle of the thunder drowned all other noise.

4. If ever I felt that I was perfectly helpless, and that my life was held in other and more powerful

hands than my own, it was on this night. I was as nerveless as an infant, and paced up and down for hour after hour, expecting every one to be my last. But there was One who ruled even that storm, and it was His will that I should escape the lightning which flashed all around me ; but as if to show me that the power, if not the will, to strike me dead in an instant was all there, one flash passed harmlessly over my head, but shivered a tree of one hundred feet high into a thousand splinters close to me. But the storm at length died away, and before I left the forest the sun had risen, and, strange to say, had risen without the usual morning greeting of the laughing jackass, whose shrill demoniacal cackle always ushers in the day in the Australian forest.

ammunition, powder and shot.
avail, service.
evanescent, short in duration.
deluging, drowning, soaking.
frequented, resorted to.
solitary, lonely.
concussion, shaking.
diminishing, lessening.

sentry, watch.
variation, difference.
critical, dangerous.
simultaneously, together.
perfectly, quite.
nerveless, helpless, weak.
ushers, announces.

The bush—A term applied to the low trees, bushes, and scrub which cover extensive districts in Australia.

Victoria—A province in the south-east of Australia, having Melbourne for its capital.

Station-master—The head of the farm or station.

Without anything of metaphor—Without enlarging upon or exaggerating the matter.

Laughing jackass—A native Australian bird noted for its peculiar cry.



A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.¹

I. The arena is about fifty yards in diameter, carefully levelled and covered with sand to keep the performers' feet from slipping. It is enclosed by a wooden barrier six feet high, and from this there project at intervals sidings, behind which men who are hard pressed can find shelter. Beyond the barrier rises a high thick hedge of human beings ; fifteen or sixteen tiers of men, women, and children, displaying in their grand attire every colour that an artist could give a name to. What a motley crowd it is, and how picturesque is the effect of the bright dresses and scarves that the women and girls wear ! Among them you see infants in arms, and little children of all ages in pretty frocks, and next them their wrinkled old grand-dames. . . . Here they sit fanning themselves, while the men are talking to one another, and

¹ *The Times.*

making a considerable hubbub, because they do not know the exact time, but think that it must somehow be time for the performance to begin. At last they are overpowered by a brass band. . . . The music means business. The alcalde has taken his seat in the president's box, and has examined the lances of the horsemen to see that the points are of proper size; the door of the arena opposite him is open, the noise subsides, and the performers, about a dozen in all, file in. Dressed in that handsome and most becoming costume which men and women equally admire, they march slowly towards the alcalde, to whom they make a graceful obeisance, and then disperse to their respective stations in the ring. Three of them are mounted and are called 'picadors.' They sit in very ancient-looking saddles, their legs are cased in iron concealed by yellow trousers, and their bodies are well padded. Each receives a lance, the point of which is shortened, the object being to ward off the bull's attack without wounding him seriously. As for the miserable jaded beasts they are mounted on, it seems a mockery to call them horses. Not only are they old and lame and utterly worn out with toil and ill-treatment, but they are three-quarters starved, and their eyes are bandaged.

2. These picadors, then, have taken up positions fifteen or twenty yards apart, with their horses' backs against the barrier, their heads turned towards the door from which the bull is to enter, while the dismounted men, the 'capadors,' who are to play with the 'capas,' the bright-coloured flags, the sight of which so infuriates him, keep rather out of the way for the present. A shrill blast is sounded, the door

leading to the bull's dark stall is thrown open, and there is a pause of expectation. At this moment I defy anybody not to feel an interest in what is going on. It is absolutely absorbing to one who sees it for the first time. From under the black archway a stately, powerful red bull trots a few paces out into the arena, and stops short. He is evidently dazzled and bewildered as he looks about him, but for all that there is mischief enough in his eye. Suddenly, without the slightest provocation, he lowers his head and rushes straight at the nearest picador, who sits with his lance couched to receive him. The next instant his horns are plunged to their very roots in the wretched horse's flank. Both he and his rider are lifted for a second or two clean off the ground, and then tumbled over in the dust together. Before there is time to know how much injury is done the brute is drawn off his victims by several capadors, who come up as he attacks the horse, and draw his attention on themselves as soon as possible. Over and over again does he waste his strength in running at and tossing the gaudy robes which these men one after another carry nimbly past him. Meanwhile, the picador has been assisted, unhurt, from under his horse, which, after one or two convulsive struggles, has expired. . . .

3. And now the bull has caught sight of the second picador, who has been spurring his steed and going through the motion of what he considers squaring up to his angry antagonist. The bull pauses and looks suspiciously at him, as though he does not like the appearance of the lance, which is being held steadily and menacingly pointed towards him.

Moreover, there is a nasty wound in his shoulder, which indicates that the rider of the horse he charged a minute or two ago made some use of his weapon. But this hesitation is soon over. Again he lowers his great horns, and charges furiously. The picador almost wards off the attack by the firmness with which he directs his lance against his adversary's shoulder, but it is not enough, and one of the horns is thrust deep into the horse's chest, the shock causing him to rear almost upright. As he descends he receives another terrible wound he begins to stagger, and lies down to die. His appointments are removed . . . and an end is put to his agony and his life.

4. About ten minutes have now passed. Two horses lie dead and the bull is becoming somewhat slower in his movements, rather out of breath after chasing and tossing those gaudy phantoms, the capas, which he cannot resist madly running after. A trumpet is heard and the banderillas are brought on the scene. These are wooden darts about a couple of feet long, adorned with pink and blue paper rosettes, and fitted with very sharp barbed iron points. With one of these in each hand the banderillero places himself a few paces in front of the bull, standing erect and gesticulating with his arms in order to provoke a charge. As the brute comes at him he plants a banderilla on each side of its neck, at the same time stepping out of the way of the horns with extreme agility, while the spectators applaud his skill. The unfortunate bull does not pursue his tormentor ; but, with something of a groan, stops short when the

darts pierce him, and tries in vain to shake them off. A second and third time is the banderillero's feat performed, till the bull has six of these shafts hanging from his neck, causing apparently great pain.

5. But the end of this course is drawing near. Once more the trumpet sounds, and the alcalde gives the order for the bull to be slain. It is now the turn of the matador, from whom greater dexterity is required than from the banderillero. In superb attire he advances, holding in his right hand a small sharp sword, and in his left the red flag with which to entice the bull within reach of his blade. The work before him would be dangerous indeed to an amateur; for the baited beast has been goaded to frenzy by the banderillas which are still dangling about his shoulders. The matador, therefore, to begin with, plays him with the mulata (to which the small red flag is attached), holding it out and withdrawing it in such a manner that he keeps the bull circling after it, gradually exhausting his strength, and turning his brain giddy. At length the time has come to deliver the death blow. With his right arm drawn back, the sword's point turned towards the animal's shoulder, and holding in his left hand the mulata lowered to the ground, the matador stands confronting his victim a few paces off. The bull has lost much of his furious energy; but the red flag is irresistible, and he must make one more rush at it. As he advances with his head down, the matador, in the act of stepping out of his way, buries the sword in his shoulder, driving it down to the lungs. The great horns seem to graze the man's embroidered jacket as they just miss striking him effectually. The thing is as near instant-

neous as can be, but the work is done. In a few seconds the bull begins to totter, though he still boldly faces his enemies. Then, his last effort being accomplished, he sinks on his knees and lies down, holding up his proud head to the last. The butcher comes up from behind, and thrusting a dagger into his spine, brings the first course to an end. A rope is made fast round the horns, and the bull and the two dead horses are dragged out by teams of gaily-decorated mules. The place is swept and sanded afresh; the actors take their places as before, and we await the next bull, wondering whether he will be as good as the last, or better.

barrier, fence.
intervals, distances.
hard pressed, in great danger.
tiers, rows upon rows.
attire, dress.
motley, mixed, varied.
subsides, lessens.
obedience, bow.
disperse, go, take.
respective, appointed.
concealed, covered, hidden.
seriously, dangerously.
utterly, quite.
infuriates, vexes.
defy, challenge.
evidently, clearly.
suspiciously, with distrust.

menacingly, provokingly.
indicates, shows.
hesitation, delay, doubt.
appointments, trappings.
agony, suffering.
erect, upright.
agility, quickness.
apparently, to all appearance.
dexterity, skill, activity.
superb, rich, showy.
entice, draw.
exhausting, using up.
confronting, face to face.
instantaneous, at once.
irresistible, what cannot be resisted.

The bull-fight—Is the great national sport of Spain, corresponding to horse-racing in our own country. It is attended with more or less cruelty to the animals, and not unfrequently with serious accidents and loss of life to the men engaged in it.

Arena—Ring, circus, or enclosure, in which the fight takes place.

Alcalde—The chief magistrate of the town. Often spelt *alcald*.

Picadors—Horsemen armed with lances.

Capadors—Men on foot, whose business it is to tease the animal.

Absolutely absorbing—Altogether claims or rivets one's attention.

Amateur—A person not accustomed to the work, or a non-professional.

UP WITH THE LARK.¹

1. The window of our bedroom was left open, and the cool night air, fresh from the rain-wet woods, filled the chamber, so that our sleep was healthy, and therefore dreamless and light. At four o'clock the next morning we were wide awake, and looking out westward over the fair country. The fields were silver-gray with innumerable raindrops, but the clouds had gone away to the northward, and a gray-blue sky and hazy weather-gleam foretold the coming of a hot day.

2. The breeze came in gentle puffs, bringing to one's nostrils the fragrance of the roses, and the heavier and richer odour of the meadow-sweet, which, in the meadow yonder, shook its cream-white clusters over the ripening hay. The sparrows twittered and chirruped with great industry on the eaves, and the starlings preened themselves on the dovecote.

3. About two hundred yards from the house was a pool, small in size and shallow, but full of carp, which were at all times most difficult to catch. One side of the pool was bounded by the lane, and on the other was a field containing a savage white bull, the terror of all trespassing anglers. All day long the country urchins sat on the lane side of the pool and fished for small carp of two or three inches in length, and their persistent efforts effectually frightened the bigger fish, so that none could be caught on ordinary occasions.

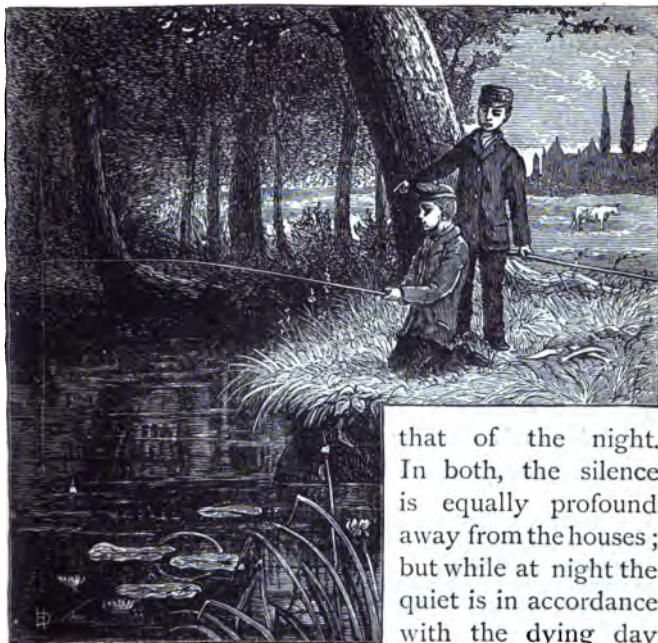
4. The previous evening a younger brother named

¹ From *The Angler's Souvenir*, by permission.

Herbert, a lad of seventeen, had arranged with us that we should try for them early in the morning, and hence it was that we dressed hastily and 'anyhow,' and left our room with the intention of waking Herbert. Our quarters were in a portion of the house separated from the rest of the inmates by a distinct staircase and doors ; and when past these, we had no idea where his room lay. So we went prospecting, creeping stealthily with stocking feet, lest we should rouse the house, and yet it seemed to us that every oaken plank we stepped upon had a loud and distinctive creak. Listening at one door we heard a dull sound of breathing ; at another, there was no sound at all. While standing uncertain, a third door opened, and out came Master Herbert, ready for the fray. Our first visit was to the larder, for it is a golden rule never to commence the day upon an empty stomach.

5. We were soon at the pool, on the surface of which thin wisps and veils of mist still slumbered. A heron stood in the marginal weeds, and was so incredulous of visitors so early, that he blinked and blinked his sleepy eyes at us in wonder, and only arose when we were within ten yards of him. Our hooks were baited with red-worms, and our lines were dropped quietly into the water, supported by the tiniest floats.

6. While we waited and watched for the first bite we drew in huge draughts of the exhilarating morning air, with an additional zest, because we knew that the day would turn out scorching hot. All around was very quiet and still, and we noticed that a different nature characterises the stillness of the morning and



that of the night. In both, the silence is equally profound away from the houses ; but while at night the quiet is in accordance with the dying day and the darkness, in

the morning it is in keen contrast with the quivering brightness, the intoxicating freshness, and the vigour which impels to action.

7. The mists arose from the water, the pearls vanished from the meadow-grasses, the insect hum grew louder, and the thrushes sang in the poplars, the sky brightened into its clearest blue—and the fish ceased biting.

8. We had been fishing from the lane, but seeing that the bull was feeding quietly in a far corner of the field, with his head turned away from us, we

climbed over the gate and went on with our fishing. Presently we heard a tramp and a bellow, and lo! there was the bull close upon us and charging valiantly.

9. One of us scrambled headlong over the gate, just in time to dispense with the bull's assistance; and the other, whose line was fast in a root at this inopportune moment, jumped waist deep into the pool, wading out at the other side. Our fishing was at an end, and, laughing heartily, we gathered up our spoil and departed.

10. The Gipsy was still sleeping the sleep of the just, and when she was awakened she was very incredulous of our early rising, seeing that in the town we were always loath to get up in the mornings.

innumerable, without number.
hazy, dull, misty.
fragrance, sweet smell.
preened, dressed their feathers.
persistent efforts, repeated trials
 or attempts.
effectually, completely.
previous, one before.
arranged, planned.
intention, purpose.
impels, drives, forces.
prospecting, looking about.
stealthily, noiselessly.
larder, pantry.
slumbered, hung over the water.
marginal, along the edge.
incredulous, hard to believe.

supported, held up.
exhilarating, cheering.
zest, spirit, relish.
characterises, marks, distin-
 guishes.
frequent, repeated.
profound, deep.
accordance, in keeping.
vigour, strength.
proximity, closeness, contact.
pearls, dew-drops.
admonished, reproved.
delusive, false, misleading.
valiantly, bravely.
inopportune, at the wrong time.
assistance, help.

Trespassing anglers—Fishermen who leave the roads or beaten tracks to go on forbidden ground.

Distinctive creak—A noise peculiar to itself.

Intoxicating freshness—A freshness in the atmosphere which causes one to feel all life and spirit.

Vanished—Disappeared, being dried up by the sun.

Gipsy—The name of their dog.

¹ Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once 25
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
 O had His powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power 30
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ? 35
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then His love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, curs'd be thou ; since against His thy will 40
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ; which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?

surpassing, great, excellent.
dominion, kingdom, territory.
matchless, unequalled.
afford, give.
recompense, return, reward.
wrought, worked, produced.
quit, get rid of.
subjection, inferiority.
gratitude, thanks.
immense, great, measureless.
burdensome, heavy, hard to bear.
indebted, being in debt.

discharged, freed from debt.
burden, hardship.
ordained, ordered, intended.
inferior, lower.
aspired, aimed at.
temptations, trials.
accuse, blame.
rues, regrets.
wrath, rage, anger.
infinite, never ending.
despair, without hope.
destiny, foreknowledge.

4. **Diminished heads**—Reduced in brightness or importance, the stars disappearing when the sun sends forth his rays.

7. **From what state I fell**—His position as one of the chief angels in heaven was more honourable than that of the sun.

9. **Ambition**—The desire of power and glory. It was ambition that urged him to battle against the King of Heaven.

10. **Matchless King**—Unequalled as to power, glory, love, and other qualities.

13. **That bright eminence**—That glorious and exalted position or sphere.

14. **Upbraided none**—Did not charge them with, or remind them of His goodness towards them.

14. **Nor was His service hard**—The service that God required of His subjects was not hard or laborious one, but a service of praise only.

17. **Prov'd ill**—Turned out, or resulted in evil.

19. **'Sdain'd subjection**—Disdained or scorned to play the part of a subject, and strove to make myself king.

20. **Quit the debt, &c.**—Get rid of the heavy debt of thanks, which debt, though always being paid was always owing, inasmuch as God was always showering His good upon the angels.

24. **A grateful mind, &c.**—A grateful mind, when returning thanks for favours received, does not look upon it as a burden or an irksome duty, but rather as a pleasure.

31. **Mean**—Low or humble as to rank, not distinguished.

39. **Eternal woe**—Never-ending misery.

40. **Curs'd be thou**—Satan is here cursing himself.





THE TAILOR BIRD.¹

1. The man who first invented sewing in all probability thought that he had discovered, or rather created, an art which was entirely new, and that to him alone was due the credit of perceiving the virtues of a fibre thrust through holes.

2. The capabilities of his invention he could not be expected to foresee, inasmuch as he would in all probability limit its powers to the decoration rather

¹ Wood's *Homes without Hands*.

than the clothing of his own person. In process of time he might comprehend that, by means of the needle and thread, a number of small leaves or skins might be made to serve the same purpose as a single large one, and as his instruments improved so would his work. There are, it is true, certain nations who have been acquainted with the art of sewing from time immemorial, and never seem to have made the least progress in it. The native Australian, for example, displays wonderful ingenuity in making thread from the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, and needles from the emu's bones; but there his invention seems to have stopped, and up to the present time, the junction of a couple of kangaroo skins, or the sewing together of a few 'opossum' furs, seem to be the limit of his powers. Still, in other countries, the needle and thread have, as a rule, exhibited a regular improvement until they have culminated in the sewing-machine of the present day. Had, however, some good genius enabled the original founder of the art to foresee its effects upon the world, he might well have been proud of his discovering the earliest of human arts.

3. The respectable guild of tailors, indeed, were wont to attribute to their mystery an antiquity surpassing that of any other handicraft, and claimed Adam as the first tailor. As to the smiths and musicians, the tailors looked down upon them as of comparatively recent origin, and considered even the mysterious order of freemasons as modern upstarts. Had they been moderately skilled in ornithology, they might have claimed a still older origin, on the grounds that, long before man came on the earth, the

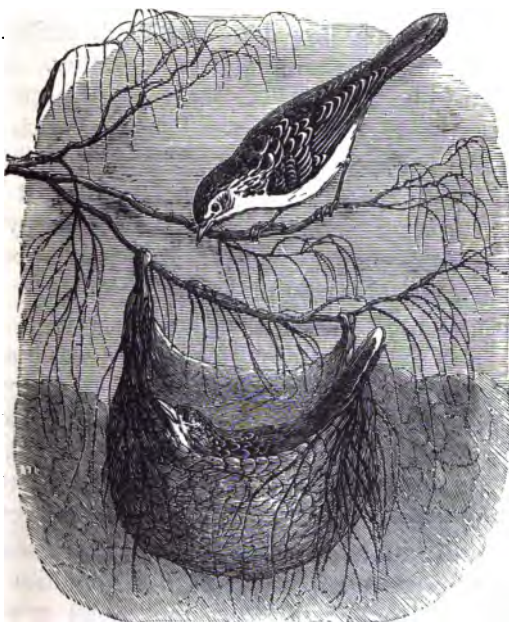
needle and the thread were used for sewing two objects together.

4. The wonderful little bird whose portrait is accurately given in the accompanying illustration is popularly known by the appropriate title of tailor bird. The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not at all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain.

5. When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf towards each other, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downwards. Generally a single leaf is used for this purpose, but whenever the bird cannot find one that is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

6. The tailor bird is a native of India, and is tolerably familiar, haunting the habitations of man, and being often seen in the gardens and compounds, feeding away in conscious security. It seems to care little about lofty situations, and mostly prefers the ground, or lower branches of the trees, and flies to-and-fro with a peculiar undulating flight.

7. It has been mentioned that a bird was un-



LANCEOLATE HONEY-EATER.

doubtedly the first tailor, and used needle and thread ages before man had invented such implements. We

now come to a bird which may be accepted as the first hammock-maker, its nest being made of a hammock-like shape, and slung just as a seaman slings his oscillating couch. Scarcely any more comfortable bed could be invented, provided it be properly suspended, and the bird certainly deserves our gratitude, if it be only for the fact that it *might* have given the first hint on the subject.

8. It is one of the honey-eaters, and is called the lanceolate honey-eater, on account of the shape of its feathers. It is not a brilliantly coloured bird, its hues being only brown and white, diversified by a black line down the middle of each feather. It does not seem to be a very lively bird, being accustomed to sit on the very top of some lofty tree, such as an acacia or eucalyptus, and to remain almost motionless in one spot. So still and quiet is it that it would hardly be seen, were not its presence betrayed by an occasional powerful and shrilly-sounding whistle. Its food consists partly of insects, and partly of the pollen and sweet juices of flowers.

9. The wonderful nest of this bird was found by Mr. Gould on the Liverpool Plains, overhanging a stream, and being a beautiful example of the pensiles. The materials of which it is made are grass and wool, intermingled with the pure white cotton of certain flowers. As the reader may see, by reference to the illustration, it is hung from a very slender twig, and only suspended at opposite extremities of the rim, the tree selected being the myall or weeping acacia. The nest is rather small in proportion to the bird, and is very deep, so that when the mother is sitting on her eggs, or brooding over her young, she is

obliged to pack herself away very carefully, her tail projecting at one side of the nest and her head at the other.

probability, likelihood.
credit, praise.
virtues, good qualities.
fibres, threads.
capabilities, powers.
limit, confine.
ingenuity, cleverness, skill.
process, course.
genius, spirit.
comprehend, understand.
immemorial, beyond memory.
progress, advance, improvement.
displays, shows.
attribute, ascribe.
mystery, art, trade.
antiquity, age, origin.
accurately, correctly.
appropriate, suitable, proper.
pensile, hanging.
gratification, pleasure.
procures, finds, obtains.

ornithology, natural history of birds.
deposits, lays down.
elegant, fine, beautiful.
specimens, kinds, samples.
detached, separated.
familiar, friendly, not shy.
vivid, striking.
haunting, frequenting.
habitations, dwellings.
prefers, chooses.
accepted, taken, received.
oscillating, swaying to-and-fro.
lanceolate, shaped like a lance.
diversified, varied.
proportion, relation to size.
projecting, hanging over.
betrayed, made known.
pensiles, hanging nests.
intermingled, mingled or mixed together.

Emu—A bird allied to the ostrich ; formerly inhabiting Australia and New Zealand, but now become extinct.

Culminated—Came to a head ; got to the highest state of perfection.

Hammock—A swinging bed made of canvas, sometimes used on board ship.

Acacia, eucalyptus—Common trees in Australia.

Guild of tailors—In the early history of this country it was usual for all trades to be conducted under certain laws and regulations. The members of each trade formed themselves into societies or guilds for the protection and advancement of the interests of its members. Thus we have the Tailors' guild, Grocers' guild, Goldsmiths' guild, &c.

Conscious security—A knowledge that it is quite safe.

Undulating flight—Moving forward with an up and down motion like the waves of the sea.

AN INCIDENT IN THE THIRD CRUSADE.¹

[Richard I. of England, Philip of France, Leopold Archduke of Austria, and other European princes joined the Third Crusade (1189). Richard's prowess in battle made him very popular with the army, whilst it gained him the jealousy of the several leaders. During a period of truce between the contending Christian and Saracen armies, the banner of England was set up on St. George's Mount. In the darkness of the night and during the absence of the Knight of the Leopard, who had been set to guard it, the banner was removed by some one unknown. Suspicion fell upon Conrade of Montserrat. Richard accused him before the Council of having torn the banner from its place, and of bringing, thereby, disgrace upon England, and challenged him to mortal combat. The Council reluctantly allowed Conrade to accept the challenge, and then only on condition that Richard should not appear in person to do battle, but that one of his knights should come forward to champion his cause.

This having been agreed upon, Saladin, the commander of the Saracen army, was next appealed to to appoint neutral ground and make all necessary arrangements for the combat. Saladin willingly acceded to the request, and fixed upon the 'Diamond of the Desert,' an oasis lying between the two camps, as the place of meeting.

The following extracts describe Richard's march to the place of combat ; his meeting with Saladin, and the battle.]

I. The station called the 'Diamond of the Desert' was assigned for the place of conflict, as being nearly at an equal distance betwixt the Christian and Saracen camps. It was agreed that Conrade of Montserrat, the defendant, with his godfathers, the Archduke of Austria and the Grand Master of the Templars, should appear there on the day fixed for the combat, with a hundred armed followers and no more : that Richard of England and his brother

¹ From Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*.

Salisbury, who supported the accusation, should attend with the same number, to protect his champion ; and that the Soldan should bring with him a guard of five hundred chosen followers, a band considered as not more than equal to the two hundred Christian lances. Such persons of consideration as either party chose to invite to witness the contest, were to wear no other weapons than their swords, and to come without defensive armour. The Soldan undertook the preparation of the lists, and to provide accommodation and refreshments of every kind for all who were to assist at the solemnity ; and his letters expressed with much courtesy the pleasure which he anticipated in the prospect of a personal and peaceful meeting with the Melech Ric, and his anxious desire to render his reception as agreeable as possible.

2. On the day before that appointed for the combat, Conrade and his friends set off by daybreak to repair to the place assigned, and Richard left the camp at the same hour, and for the same purpose ; but, as had been agreed upon, he took his journey by a different route, a precaution which had been judged necessary, to prevent the possibility of a quarrel betwixt their armed attendants.

3. The good King himself was in no humour for quarrelling with anyone. Nothing could have added to his pleasurable anticipations of a desperate and bloody combat in the lists, except his being in his own royal person one of the combatants, and he was himself in charity again even with Conrade of Montserrat. Lightly armed, richly dressed, and gay as a bridegroom on the eve of his nuptials, Richard cara-

coled along by the side of Queen Berengaria's litter, pointing out to her the various scenes through which they passed, and cheering with tale and song the bosom of the inhospitable wilderness . . . Though Berengaria knew her husband's disposition too well not to endeavour to seem interested in what he was pleased either to say or to sing, she could not help indulging some female fears when she found herself in the howling wilderness with so small an escort, which seemed almost like a moving speck on the bosom of the plain, and knew, at the same time, they were not so distant from the camp of Saladin but what they might be in a moment surprised and swept off by an overpowering host of his fiery-footed cavalry, should the Pagan be faithless enough to embrace an opportunity thus tempting. But when she hinted these suspicions to Richard, he repelled them with displeasure and disdain. 'It were worse than ingratitude,' he said, 'to doubt the good faith of the generous Soldan.'

4. Yet the same doubt and fears recurred more than once, not to the timid mind of the Queen alone, but to the firmer and more candid soul of Edith Plantagenet, who had no such confidence in the faith of the Moslem as to render her perfectly at ease when so much in their power; and her surprise had been far less than her terror, if the desert around had suddenly resounded with the shout of 'Alla-hu!' and a band of Arab cavalry had pounced on them like vultures on their prey. Nor were their suspicions lessened when, as evening approached, they were aware of a single Arab horseman, distinguished by his turban and long lance, hovering on the edge of a

small eminence like a hawk poised in the air, and who instantly, on the appearance of the royal retinue, darted off with the speed of the same bird, when it shoots down the wind and disappears from the horizon.

5. 'We must be near the station,' said King Richard, 'and yonder cavalier is one of Saladin's outposts. Methinks I hear the noise of the Moorish horns and cymbals. Get you into order, my hearts, and form yourselves around the ladies, soldier-like and firmly.'

6. As he spoke, each knight, squire, and archer hastily closed in upon his appointed ground, and they proceeded in the most compact order, which made their numbers appear still smaller, and, to say the truth, though there might be no fear, there was anxiety as well as curiosity in the attention with which they listened to the wild bursts of Moorish music, which came ever and anon more distinctly from the quarter in which the Arab horseman had been seen to disappear.

7. De Vaux spoke in a whisper to the King, 'Were it not well, my liege, to send a page to the top of that sand-bank? Or would it stand with your pleasure that I prick forward? Methinks, by all yonder clash and clang, if there be no more than five hundred men beyond the sand-hills, half of the Soldan's retinue must be drummers and cymbal-tossers. Shall I spur on?'

8. The baron had checked his horse with the bit and was just about to strike him with the spurs, when the King exclaimed, 'Not for the world. Such a caution would express suspicion, and could do little to prevent surprise, which, however, I apprehend not.

9. They advanced accordingly in close and firm order, till they surmounted the line of low sand-hills and came in sight of the appointed station, when a splendid, but at the same time a startling spectacle, awaited them.

10. The 'Diamond of the Desert,' so lately a solitary fountain, distinguished only amid the waste by solitary groups of palm-trees, was now the centre of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide, and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. The coverings of the large pavilions were of the gayest colours, scarlet, bright yellow, pale blue, and other gaudy and gleaming hues, and the tops of their pillars, or tent-poles, were decorated with golden pomegranates, and small silken flags. But, besides these distinguished pavilions, there were, what Thomas de Vaux considered as a portentous number of the ordinary black tents of the Arabs, being sufficient, as he conceived, to accommodate, according to the Eastern fashion, a host of five thousand men. A number of Arabs and Curds, fully corresponding to the extent of the encampment, were hastily assembling, each leading his horse in his hand, and their muster was accompanied by an astonishing clamour of their noisy instruments of martial music, by which, in all ages, the warfare of the Arabs has been animated.

11. They soon formed a deep and confused mass of dismounted cavalry in front of their encampment, when, at the signal of a shrill cry, which arose high over the clangour of the music, each cavalier sprang to his saddle. A cloud of dust arising at the moment

of this manœuvre, hid from Richard and his attendants the camp, the palm-trees, and the distant ridge of mountains, as well as the troops whose sudden movements had raised the cloud, and ascending high over their heads, formed itself into the fantastic forms of writhed pillars, domes, and minarets. Another shrill yell was heard from the bosom of this cloudy tabernacle. It was the signal for the cavalry to advance, which they did at full gallop, disposing themselves as they came forward so as to come in at once on the front, flanks, and rear of Richard's little body-guard, who were thus surrounded and almost choked by the dense clouds of dust enveloping them on each side, through which were seen alternately and lost, the grim forms and wild faces of the Saracens, brandishing and tossing their lances in every possible direction, with the wildest cries and halloos, and frequently only reining up their horses when within a spear's length of the Christians, while those in the rear discharged over the heads of both parties thick volleys of arrows. One of those struck the litter in which the Queen was seated, who loudly screamed, and the red spot was on Richard's brow in an instant.

12. 'Ha! Saint George,' he exclaimed, 'we must take some order with this infidel scum!'

13. But Edith, whose litter was near, thrust her head out, and with her hand holding one of the shafts, exclaimed, 'Royal Richard, beware what you do! see, these arrows are headless!'

14. 'Noble, sensible wench!' exclaimed Richard; 'by Heaven, thou shamest us all by thy readiness of thought and eye. Be not moved, my English hearts,' he exclaimed to his followers; 'their arrows

have no heads—and their spears too lack the steel points. It is but a wild welcome, after their savage fashion, though doubtless they would rejoice to see us daunted or disturbed. Move onward, slow and steady.'

15. The little phalanx moved forward accordingly, accompanied on all sides by the Arabs, with the shrillest and most piercing cries, displaying their agility by shooting as near the crests of the Christians as was possible without actually hitting them, while the lancers charged each other with such rude blows of their blunt weapons, that more than one of them lost his saddle, and well-nigh his life, in this rough sport. All this, though designed to express welcome, had rather a doubtful appearance in the eyes of the Europeans.

16. As they had advanced nearly halfway towards the camp, King Richard and his suite forming, as it were, the nucleus round which this tumultuary body of horsemen howled, whooped, skirmished, and galloped, creating a scene of indescribable confusion, another shrill cry was heard, on which all these irregulars, who were on the front and upon the flanks of the little body of Europeans, wheeled off, and forming themselves into a long and deep column, followed with comparative order and silence in the rear of Richard's troops. The dust began now to dissipate in their front, when there advanced to meet them, through that cloudy veil, a body of cavalry of a different and more regular description, completely armed with offensive and defensive weapons, and who might well have served as a body-guard to the proudest of Eastern monarchs. This splendid troop

consisted of five hundred men, and each horse which it contained was worth an earl's ransom. The riders were Georgian and Circassian slaves in the very prime of life ; their helmets and hauberks were formed of steel rings, so bright that they shone like silver ; their vestures were of the gayest colours, and some of cloth of gold or silver ; their sashes were twisted of silk and gold, their rich turbans were plumed and jewelled, and their sabres and poniards, of Damascene steel, were adorned with gold and gems on hilt and scabbard.

17. This splendid array advanced to the sound of military music, and when they met the Christian body they opened their files to the right and left, and let them enter between their ranks. Richard now assumed the foremost place in his troop, aware that Saladin himself was approaching. Nor was it long when, in the centre of his body-guard, surrounded by his domestic officers . . . came the Soldan with the look and manners of one on whose brow nature had written, *This is a King!* In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sash of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest dressed man in his own guard. But closer inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem which was called by the poets *The Sea of Light*: the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels of the English crown, and a sapphire, which terminated the hilt of his canjiar, was of not much inferior value. It should be added that, to protect him from the dust, which, in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, resembles the finest ashes, or, perhaps, out of oriental pride, the Soldan

wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious of his noble burden.

18. There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals.

19. Saladin led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (cappa) or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

20. 'Had I not,' said Saladin, 'seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength.'

21. 'Willingly, noble Saladin,' answered Richard, and looking round for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the

attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

22. The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honour led him to whisper in English—'For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel.'

23. 'Peace, fool!' said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around; 'thinkest thou I can fail in his presence?'

24. The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.



INCIDENTS OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.

25. 'By the head of the Prophet, a most won-

derful blow !' said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder ; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

26. 'Ay, look well,' said De Vaux, in English, 'it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there.'

27. 'Silence, De Vaux,' said Richard ; 'by our lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning ; be not so broad, I pray thee.'

28. The Soldan, indeed, presently said, 'Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong ? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric.' So saying he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. 'Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion ?' he said to King Richard.

29. 'No, surely,' replied the King : 'no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow.'

30. 'Mark, then,' said Saladin ; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nothing but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue colour, marked with ten millions of meandering lines

which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armourer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and



INCIDENTS OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.

with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

31. 'It is a juggler's trick,' said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat; 'there is gramarye in this.'

32. The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it

suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

33. 'Now, in good faith, my brother,' said Richard, 'thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength.'

assigned, appointed.
consideration, title, state.
witness, see, look on.
accommodation, seats, stages, &c.
courtesy, politeness, good feeling.
anticipated, looked forward to.
nuptials, marriage.
inhospitable, cheerless.
indulging, giving way to.
embrace, to take in the arms.
suspicious, doubts, mistrusts.
disdain, scorn.
ingratitude, unthankfulness.
recurred, came again and again.
candid, open, frank.
confidence, trust, faith.
Alla-hu, the Saracen war-cry.
vultures, birds of prey.
turban, linen scarf head-dress.
eminence, hill.
retinue, train of attendants.
caution, precaution, wariness.
apprehend, suspect.
spectacle, sight, scene.
solitary, lonely.
reflected, threw back.
portentous, ominous of ill.
conceived, thought, supposed.

martial, warlike.
fantastic, strange, whimsical.
manœuvre, movement.
disposing, arranging, placing.
flanks, sides.
rear, behind part.
enveloping, enclosing.
daunted, frightened.
agility, activity.
suite, attendants.
nucleus, centre.
tumultuary, disorderly.
dissipate, disappear.
vestures, garments.
inestimable, priceless.
oriental, Eastern, Asiatic.
swart, swarthy, dark-looking.
devise, contrive, think of.
symmetry, fine proportion.
exercises, feats of skill.
inefficient, useless.
dexterously, quickly, deftly.
gramarye, witchcraft.
comprehend, understand.
meandering, winding in and out.
inferior, less.
poniards, small daggers.
unwieldy, heavy, awkward to use.

supported the accusation—Richard had made the accusation

and his half-brother the Earl of Salisbury was ready to prove the truth of his words by fighting in person.

Caracoled—Caused his horse to face towards the litter and move sideways ; moved obliquely.

Melech Ric—The title by which Cœur de Lion was known in the Saracen army.

De Vaux—A knight in close attendance upon the King.

Page—A servant. often a nobleman's son, being trained to knight-hood.

Excalibar—The wonderful sword of Prince Arthur of the 'Round Table.'

Preternatural lustre—Unusual brightness.

Infidel—Unbeliever as opposed to Christian.

Phalanx—Solid, compact body

Damascene—From Damascus in Syria, noted for its sword-blades.

With the terror, &c.—Parents and nurses, to quiet children, represented King Richard as a monster who was ready to snatch them away from their homes.

Mecca—In Arabia, the burial-place of Mahomet.

Critically—As a critic, or one who thoroughly understands.

Reaping-hook—Referring to the curved scimitar or sword of Saladin.



AN INCIDENT IN THE THIRD CRUSADE (CONTINUED).¹

THE COMBAT.

1 It had been agreed on account of the heat of the climate that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the 'Diamond of the Desert,' should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, enclosed a space of hard sand, which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the enclosure, just in the centre, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of

¹ From Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*.

the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian guards, and the rest of the enclosure was occupied by Christian and Mahommedan spectators.

2. Long before daybreak the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call 'To prayer, to prayer!' was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca. But when they arose from the ground, the sun's rays, now strengthening fast, seemed to confirm the Lord of Gilsland's conjecture of the night before. They were flashed back from many a spear-head, for the pointless lances of the preceding day were certainly no longer such. De Vaux pointed it out to his master, who answered with impatience, that he had perfect confidence in the good faith of the Soldan ; but if De Vaux was afraid of his bulky body, he might retire.

3. Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity for the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabres. whose

orders were to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed, or even presume to raise his head, until the cessation of music should make all men aware that they were lodged in their gallery, not to be gazed on by the curious eye.

4. The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honour. They wore their vizors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the part of the Scot—a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of ominous despondence, and even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth.

5. A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the Hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other Churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their prospective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then

swore. They also made oath that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honour of those invisible beauties which were enclosed within ; then, loaded with armour as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough, but his voice as he took the oath sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about the sitting of his gorget, and whispered : ‘ Coward and fool ! recall thy senses and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, should’st thou escape *him*, thou escapest not *me* ! ’

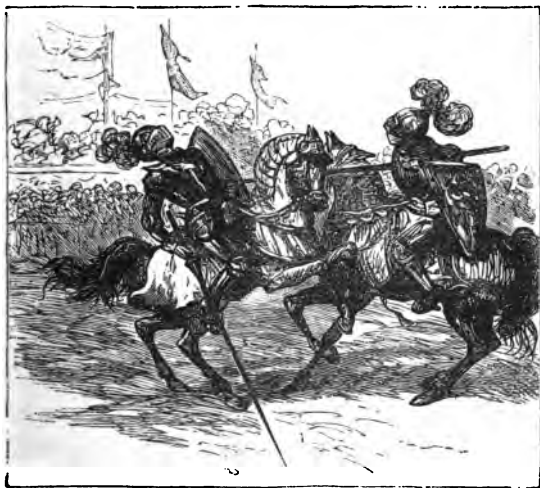
6. The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the marquis’s nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse ; and though he recovered his feet, sprung to his saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger’s, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

7. The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists: 'Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonour done to the said King.'

8. When the words 'Kenneth of Scotland' announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former round his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

9. The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires, now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed vizor, the human form so completely enclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron than beings of flesh

and blood. The silence of suspense was now general – men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and the pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the Soldan, a hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamours, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started



into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunder-bolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior, for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into

splinters from the steel spear-head up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corslet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail worn beneath the corslet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied, 'What would you more? God hath decided justly—I am guilty.'

lists, enclosure.

erected, set up.

contrived, designed, constructed.

barrier, fence.

interfered, prevented.

perceiving, noticing.

orb, sphere.

sonorous, sounding.

muezzins, criers who announce the time of prayer.

devotions, prayers.

seraglio (se-rai-yo), palace, harem.

escorted, led and guarded.

cessation, stoppage.

lowered, frowned.

successively, one after the other.

prospective, future.

sponsors, sureties, supporters.

avouched, asserted, declared.

evangelists, gospels.

guise, manner.

adjudge, decide.

gorget, throat armour.

serrated, jagged like a saw.

appealed, called upon.

One hour after sunrise—About seven o'clock in the morning, the sun rising in the Holy Land about six the year round.

Prostrated—Lay with their faces to the ground.

Vizor—Frontlet, or face-part of the helmet.

Ominous despondence—Low spirits that anticipated defeat.

Temporary—For a limited time, as opposed to permanent.



BISHOP HATTO.

1. The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.
2. Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store ;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.
3. At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barns repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

4. Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.
5. Then when he saw it could hold no more
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.
6. 'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats, that only consume the corn.'
7. So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.
8. In the morning as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.
9. As he looked there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
'My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'
10. Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
'Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he,
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way, . . .
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

11. 'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'
12. Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.
13. He laid him down and closed his eyes ; . .
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.
14. He listen'd and look'd ; . . . it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.
15. For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.
16. They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more,
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.
17. Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

18. And in at the window and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.
19. They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

SOUTHEY.

piteous, sad, sorrowful.
granaries, storehouses for grain.
appointed, named, fixed.
delay, waiting.
repair, go.
tidings, news, message.
flocked, came in great numbers.
excellent, good, grand.
forlorn, poor, miserable.
consume, eat.

countenance, face.
presently, shortly after.
fearfully, in great fear.
told, counted.
myriads, tens of thousands, count-
less numbers.
judgment, vengeance.
of yore, of old.
whetted, sharpened.

'I faith—In faith, in truth.

Obliged—Beholden, ought to be thankful to me.

Like an innocent man—Like one who had done no wrong and had nothing to trouble his conscience.

The Rhine—One of the principal rivers in Europe, rising in the Alps of Switzerland, and flowing through Germany.

Loopholes—Openings or holes through the walls of his castle.

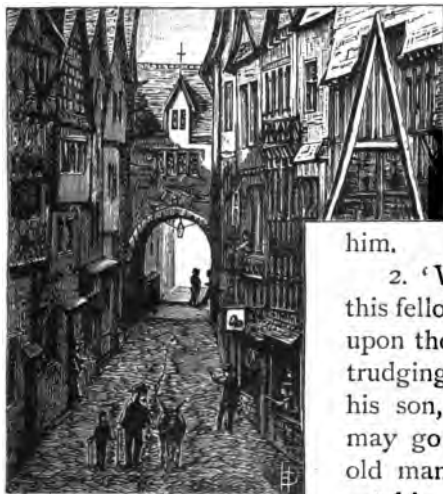
The work for which they were sent—To take vengeance upon the Bishop for his cruel treatment of the poor.

His beads he did tell—Said his prayers, counting them by the beads of his rosary.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

1.



N old man and his son were driving their ass to the market, in order to sell

him.

2. 'What a fool is this fellow,' said a man upon the road, 'to be trudging on foot with his son, that the ass may go light!' The old man, hearing this, set his son upon the

ass, and went whistling by his side.

3. 'Why, sirrah?' cried a second man to the boy, 'is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking?' The father, upon this rebuke, made his son dismount, and got up himself.

4. 'Do you see,' said a third, 'how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost lame with walking?' The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him.

5. 'Pray, honest friend,' said a fourth, 'is that ass your own?' 'Yes,' says the man. 'One would not

have thought so,' replied the other, 'by your loading him so unmercifully : you and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you.' 'Any thing to please,' said the owner ; and, alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home ; ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain. 'There cannot be a piece of greater folly, than to endeavour to please all mankind.'

trudging, walking wearily.

unmercifully, unfeelingly.

rebuke, reproof.

endeavoured, tried.

entertaining, amusing, laughable.

conceiving, getting in his mind.

complaisance, desire to please others.

asunder, apart.



FEATHERSTONE'S HERO.¹

1. About the time it happened, Little Tims had been at Featherstone School a year, I think ; though I may be mistaken—I have so much to remember since I began to grow old. There are all the boys who were at Featherstone in my day, the looks of the blessed old school itself, with the many-windowed buildings, the weather-stained belfry, where the gulls made nests, the neat, trim play-grounds, and the whole broad ocean surging along Cumberland Beach, only a mile away—all this I must never forget. For what would be the good fortune of being a boy if one could not have his school-fellows to remember ; the home they had in common, and the glorious old days when he and they woke up on the bright, sunshiny mornings, without a thing to do in the world besides conning a lesson or two ? Then there is the master—though it took us some time to find out just what a noble, generous man he was ; and the master's kind, motherly wife, who cared for us boys when we were sick, and who brought Billy Wilson through a desperate struggle with the typhoid fever, when everybody said he would die. Who of us will ever forget the quiet, sleepy afternoons we passed in that large, still school-room, studying our illustrated histories and geographies ; listening to the old clock beating away, as if it were the pulse of the place ; and looking out wistfully through the deep windows at the sails heaving in sight now and then on the glimmering ocean ? Or will any of us forget the

¹ F. B. Stanford, in the *Independent*.

days when it stormed, and the sea threw its spray away up to our windows, and at night rumbled over the beach like guns, keeping us awake for hours? And, finally, whenever we look at the sea, are there any of us who will not recall Little Tims?

2. What an odd-looking little chap he was, to be sure, when he first came to the school? The boys laughed at his name—Littlefield Tims; and called him ‘Gran’ther,’ because he appeared so old-fashioned. Then somebody began to nickname him Little Tims, and we all took it up. He was not so very small in stature, however; only slim and poor. His face was freckled, his hair red, and he had large hands, that looked as though he had always been used to very hard work. One of the boys said that the master had brought him from a poor-farm; but we never found out whether that was really the truth. All we knew about him was that he had no parents and was kept at the school to do the chores. When the biggest boy shook him, one day, because he refused to fag, he sat down and cried; said he wished he was dead. He never had any friends, and we might kill him, if we wanted to; he didn’t care, he said. Some of the boys only laughed at that and told him he hadn’t any spirit. Afterwards he kept away from us all as much as he could, and studied his lessons alone.

3. But the day came, at last, however, when we found out what a brave heart Little Tims had; and then, of course, we wondered that it had taken us so long to discover the fact. It was some time in the spring—a dark, cold, rainy day, when the sea had been made wild by the high wind. The most of us remained indoors all the afternoon; and, when

evening came, we gathered around the open fire at the end of our long dormitory and took turns telling the sea stories we had read. Oh, you may believe it was just the jolliest comfort in the world! To hear Billy Wilson telling about his father's cruise to Bombay, while you were watching that great heap of a fire crackling and darting up bright flames, and listening to the storm beating the windows and the surf thundering against the shore, was worth a great deal, I can tell you. And what a noise the wind and the waves did make that night! It was as much as anyone could do to catch a wink of sleep; and I recollect how I lay awake ever so long, fancying that I could hear voices outdoor crying and calling to us. I suppose I must have been dreaming an hour or two, though, before I really did hear anything, because I sprang up startled and confused when that loud boom and rumble broke above the noise of the storm.

4. 'What was that, Ludgate?' whispered little Tom Duffield, frightened; and then in a moment everybody in the dormitory was sitting up in bed, wanting to know what had happened. George Jennings crept out to the end window and pulled up the curtain, just as another crash made us jump, and we caught a glimpse of a flash in the distance, bursting the darkness apart.

5. 'It's a ship on the reef, fellows!' called out three or four at once.

6. There was a general scramble for our clothes, and then we crowded about the window and waited for another flash. But before it came the master opened the door, lantern in hand.

7. 'You hear those guns, boys? There's a ship

out on the reef, and they are firing for help. Put on your great coats and come down to the cliff. We must do everything in our power to aid them.'

8. He meant of course the bigger boys—Bob Nichols, John Sawyer, and Edward Williams; but the others of us went with them. Before anybody could have counted a hundred, we were all running down the road to the cliff, as fast as we could go. It was about three o'clock in the morning and 'as dark as a pocket.' The wind had lulled considerably and the rain had ceased altogether; yet there was a strangeness and wildness about the whole of that open country between the school and the beach that impressed every one of us with a lonesome feeling and made us take care to keep close together. Then the old school building in the rear also looked weird, with its lighted window here and there; and the ocean, reaching away off before us, sounded as though it were tearing the land to atoms.

9. The master and Little Tims had reached the cliff in advance, and were making ready to light a pile of old brush and drift-wood when we came up.

10. 'We'll make a bright fire, boys, even if we can't do anything more,' said he, enthusiastically. 'They will see the light and know that some one is near.'

11. Pieces of old stumps, broken limbs from dead trees, and refuse wood were heaped up by us in no time; and then what a scene, picturesque and fantastic as a Doré painting, lay all around us under the firelight! We were on the extreme point of the cliff that jutted out several feet over the sea, and below we could see the huge rocks covered with thick foam, which our tall, illuminating flames made crimson.

The scattered trees appeared grim and gloomy, the darkness crowded back and seemed blacker than ever, while we each and all hastened to and fro in the midst of one another's grotesque shadows.

12. No more signal-guns were fired from the distressed vessel, and we strained our eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of her. Nor could anything be heard across the deafening breakers. We could only wait for the daylight, which, fortunately for our patience, did not delay long. Breaking over the ocean, it showed us first a flapping sail or two; a dark hulk, half submerged and swaying to and fro on the rocks within a gun-shot of the cliff; then a knot of men huddled near the forecastle, who, as they saw us, raised a faint shout of joy, that made the blood tingle in our veins.

13. 'Is there nothing that we can do for them, sir?' asked John Sawyer eagerly of the master.

14. 'Let us make a raft out of the trees,' cried three or four, excitedly.

15. 'It wouldn't hold together two minutes in those breakers,' returned the master, rubbing his hands nervously and looking perplexed.

16. 'Hark! hark!' cried somebody. 'They are signalling to us.'

17. We saw one of the men step into the rigging, and then a word or two that he shouted through a trumpet came to us faintly, and we guessed the rest: 'We shall sink when the tide rises.' Then again: 'Our boats are sunken.'

18. 'You hear that, boys? Their boats are gone, and they'll sink when the tide rises. What shall we do for them? I say, what shall we do——'

19. 'I think we had better pray for them, sir,' said Little Tims, looking plump up at the master's surprised face.

20. 'You are right, Tims,' he answered, quickly. We will ask God to help us all. Boys, take off your hats.'

21. We obeyed him instantly ; and, dropping on his knees, he prayed silently a moment or two. Then we were aroused by one of the men calling quite distinctly through the trumpet, 'Stand by ! We're going to fire a line ashore.' And before we could comprehend what he meant the ship's cannon belched forth its flash and smoke, and a solid shot came cleaving the air, bringing a rope in its trail. But both fell into the sea almost as soon as they left the mouth of the cannon, and we all sprang back to the edge of the cliff, to hear what the man was again shouting : 'We've got one more ball. Stand by !'

22. It was five, eight, or ten minutes while they were reloading ; and we waited nervously. They would be careful not to make a blunder this time. The achievement of throwing a line ashore when it was attached to a cannon-ball certainly did not seem very difficult ; for we had not yet studied any mathematics that included projectiles, and did not know what a nice calculation it required to land that ball on the top of our cliff. But the master knew ; and just as the ball struck dead against the front rocks he cried out, disappointedly, that it was as he had expected.

23. 'They've lost their last chance ! God help them !'

24. 'She is getting deeper in the water,' we cried, as the ship lunged under a heavy swell.

25. 'There's a woman clinging to the rigging!'

26. It was little Tims who shouted that. We remembered it afterwards; but just then we were all scattered along the margin of the cliff, watching the



rope, that had broken away from the ball and was buffeting the waves. If we could only get possession of it, the safety of all on the ship would be secured. It was but a moment, and then I saw some dark object going down, down, down. The master shouted, 'Good heavens! What has the boy done?' And we were all in a desperate confusion.

27. 'It's Little Tims! Little Tims!' as we saw his pale, frightened face rise above the enraged water and look up at us an instant.

28. Of what happened next all I can recall is that somehow we followed the master down the jagged side of the cliff, and in six or seven minutes seized Little Tims from the swell that dashed him ashore, gripping the rope with both hands and looking dead. Then we hurried with him up to the fire, and ran about frantically for wood to feed the blaze and warm his numb body. I remember that when we had drawn the strong hawser-rope to the land, and secured it taut around a tree, the great, burly captain crept ashore on it, and fell down before Little Tims, excitedly saying, two or three times: 'God bless the boy! God bless him!' Then he rolled him to and fro on the ground, rubbed his feet and hands madly, and, finally, throwing off his coat, wrapped it about Little Tims and ran with him in his arms all the way to the school.

29. You may be sure that we followed and gathered in that great kitchen before the open fire, awestruck and scarcely daring to breathe, while they were trying to bring Little Tims back to life. How frightfully white and cold he looked! It seemed as if he never would grow warm again, as though hours had passed while we were waiting. The crew of the vessel all got ashore and came up to the school, the doctor rode over from Seabright, and the vessel on the rocks went down. At last, however, he opened his eyes.

30. 'You are feeling better now, my boy!' said the doctor, cheerfully.

31. 'The rope—I meant to get the rope,' he said, looking at us as though he were dreaming.

32. 'Yes, yes, you did get it bravely,' answered the big captain. 'You have saved us all.'

33. We boys waited to hear no more ; but ran and rang the old school-bell for joy as it never was rung before. And then we all went on the playground and gave three mighty cheers for Little Tims—Featherstone's hero.

34. And the city papers the next day ! What a glorious account they had of it ! Such a storm, they said, had not been on our coast for years. Then a description of the wreck was given, and an account of our school. Little Tims's name was printed in full, and it was explained that he leaped from the highest cliff along the Cumberland shore, and swam out for the rope. That when it was obtained and drawn over the water the sailors rigged a basket on it, in which the captain's wife and they, one after another, were brought across safely to the land.

belfry, bell-tower.
conning, learning.
generous, kind-hearted.
desperate, very dangerous.
wistfully, thoughtfully
glimmering, shining unsteadily.
stature, height.
freckled, spotted.
discover, find out.
dormitory, sleeping rooms.
cruise, sail, voyage.
suppose, think, imagine.
chores, domestic work.
confused, uncertain what to think or do.
glimpse, a short or momentary sight.
forecastle, see p. 27.
reef, rocks.

lulled, quietened.
considerably, in great measure.
impressed, caused a feeling or sensation.
lonesome, lonely.
weird, ghost-like.
enthusiastically, excitedly.
picturesque, like a picture.
fantastic, strange.
extreme, farthest.
illuminating, enlightening.
strained, stretched.
breakers, broken waves.
grotesque, distorted, fantastic.
fortunately, by good luck.
submerged, buried by the waves.
projectile, anything shot or thrown forth.

Fag—Doing the drudgery for an older scholar.

Gran'ther—Contraction for grandfather.

Doré—A celebrated French artist.

THE STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN.¹

1. Towards the eastern extremity of Europe the great plain assumes the peculiar character of desert called a *steppe*, a word supposed to be of Tartar origin, signifying a level waste destitute of trees; hence the steppes may vary according to the nature of the soil. They commence at the river Dnieper and extend along the shores of the Black Sea. They include all the country north and east of the Caspian Lake and Independent Tartary; and passing between the Ural and Altai Mountains, they may be said to occupy all the low lands of Siberia. Hundreds of leagues may be traversed east from the Dnieper without variation of scene. A dead level of thin but luxuriant pasture, bounded only by the horizon, day after day the same unbroken monotony fatigues the eye. Sometimes there is the appearance of a lake, which vanishes on approach. Horses and cattle beyond number give some animation to the scene, so long as the steppes are green; but winter comes in October, and then they become a trackless field of spotless snow. Fearful storms rage, and the dry snow is driven by the gale with a violence which neither man nor animal can resist, while the sky is clear and the sun shines cold and bright above the earthly turmoil. The contest between spring and winter is long and severe, for

¹ Somerville's *Physical Geography*, by permission.

Winter oft at once resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving flets
Deform the day, delightless.

2. Yet when gentler gales succeed, and the waters run off in torrents through the channels which they cut in the soft soil, the earth is again verdant. The scorching summer's sun is as severe in its consequences in these wild regions as the winter's cold. In June the steppes are parched, no shower falls, nor does a drop of dew refresh the thirsty and rent earth. The sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, and during the day he is obscured by a thick mist from the evaporation. In some seasons the drought is excessive: the air is filled with dust in impalpable powder, the springs become dry, and cattle perish in thousands. Death triumphs over animal and vegetable nature, and desolation tracks the scene to the utmost verge of the horizon, a hideous wreck.

3. Much of the country is covered by an excellent but thin soil, fit for corn, which grows luxuriantly wherever it has been sown; but a stiff cold clay at a small distance below the surface kills every herb that has deep roots, and no plants thrive but those which can resist the extreme vicissitudes of climate. A very wide range is hopelessly barren. The country from the Caucasus, along the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas—a dead flat, twice the size of the British Islands—is a desert destitute of fresh water. Saline efflorescences cover the surface like hoar frost. Even the atmosphere is saline, and many salt lakes in the neighbourhood of Astrakan furnish great quantities of common salt. Saline plants with patches of verdure few and far between, are the only

signs of vegetable life, but about Astrakan there is soil and cultivation. Some low hills occur in the country between the Caspian and the Lake of Ural, but it is mostly an ocean of shiftings, and often driven by appalling whirlwinds.

assumes, puts on, takes to itself.
supposed, thought, considered.
signifying, meaning.
destitute, without.
include, comprise, contain.
traversed, passed over.
variation, change, alteration.
luxuriant, rich.
monotony, sameness.
fatigues, wearies.
vanishes, disappears.
animation, life.

violence, fierceness, fury.
resist, fight against.
turmoil, war of the elements,
 raging of the storm.
severe, hard, well fought.
triumphs, overcomes.
desolation, dreariness.
verdant, green with grass.
parched, dried, sunburnt.
refresh, revive, give new life.
cultivation, tillage.
appalling, frightful, destructive.

The great plain—A low plain extending from the North Sea on the west through Holland, North Germany and Russia, beyond the Caspian and River Ural into Asia.

Peculiar character—Singular appearance.

Tartar origin—Derived or got from the language of the Tartars, a general name for the tribes living east of the Caspian.

Dnieper—A river on the south-west of Russia flowing into the Black Sea.

Caspian Lake—A large salt-water lake or sea on the South-east of Russia.

Independent Tartary—The country to the east of the Caspian, a part of which now forms Russian territory.

An ocean of shiftings—A boundless area, with the sand-hills constantly changing their position with the direction of the wind.

The appearance of a lake—The result of a mirage. The mirage is often produced in the hot sandy desert or in unusual conditions of the atmosphere. Thus out at sea ships sometimes appear to be floating upside down in the sky.

Resumes the breeze—Re-commences blowing with all its fury after appearing to have died away.

Impalpable powder—Very fine dust, not perceived by the touch.

Deform the day—Change the bright morning into a miserable unpleasant day.

Gentle gales—The warm winds and showers of spring.

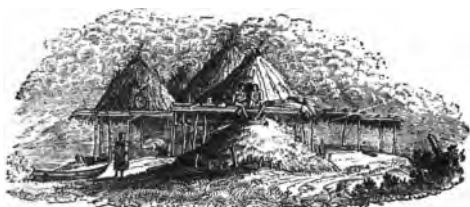
Verge of the horizon—As far as the eye can reach.

Hideous wreck—A dreary waste.

Extreme vicissitudes—The great and sudden changes of climate from hot to cold, from rain to drought.

Saline efflorescences—Flower-like incrustations of salt.

The atmosphere is saline—The air smells and tastes as though small particles of salt were floating about in it.



SUMMER AND WINTER HABITATION OF KAMTSCHATKA.

KING JOHN SUGGESTING TO HUBERT THE MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR.¹

[Prince Arthur of Brittany being the son of Geoffrey, the third son of Henry II. and elder brother of John, was heir to the English crown. John was therefore a usurper, and consequently most anxious to get rid of his young nephew. John invaded France, took Arthur prisoner, and placed him in the keeping of Hubert de Burgh. In the following scene John is represented as sounding Hubert and trying to discover how far he may rely upon him to carry out his cruel resolve. Having satisfied himself on this point he broadly suggests the murder of the Prince, leaving Hubert to do the deed.]

King John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath 5
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee. 10

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. J. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go : 15
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience : if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, 20
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night ;

¹ *King John*, act iii., scene 3.

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick, 25
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes) ;
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes, 30
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts : 35
 But, ah, I will not !—yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do it. 40

K. J. Do not I know thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread, 45
 He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. J. Death. 50

Hub. My lord ?

K. J. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live

K. J. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember. 57

2. **Wall of flesh**—John's body.
3. **Counts thee her creditor**—As though he should say I am indebted to thee, I owe thee something.
4. **Advantage**—Interest, reward.
5. **Voluntary**—Willing.
6. **Dearly cherished**—Much esteemed, valued.
8. **Some better time**—A more convenient or proper time for making known what I have to say to thee.
11. **Bounden**—Beholden.
21. **Sound one**—The poetical midnight hour.
24. **Surly spirit, melancholy**—A person in a sad or melancholy mood is apt to be surly, sharp-spoken, and rude.
27. **Idiot laughter**—Laughter is here represented as making people appear ridiculous or as idiots, and therefore like the light of day, unfit for his dark purpose.
27. **Keep**—Occupy.
32. **Using conceit alone**—Fancying, imagining everything that I would have thee know.
34. **Despite**—In spite of.
34. **Brooded**—Wakeful, watchful, as a hen watches over her brood.
37. **My troth**—My honour, in real truth.
39. **Adjunct**—Attendant upon, or a consequence of the act.
43. **Yon young boy**—Prince Arthur.
44. **Serpent in my path**—He is a danger to me ; I am not safe while he lives.
47. **Thou art his keeper**—It is in thy power to rid me of him.
49. **Offend**—Stand in the way of, be a source of annoyance.
56. **Intend for thee**—Intend or purpose to give thee by way of rewarding thy services.





THE STORY OF THE YEAR.¹

PART I.

1. It was near the end of January, and a terrible fall of snow was pelting down, and whirling through the streets and lanes; the windows were plastered with snow on the outside, snow fell in masses from the roofs. Every one seemed in a great hurry; they ran, they flew, fell into each other's arms, holding fast for a moment as long as they could stand safely. Coaches and horses looked as if they had been frosted with sugar. The footmen stood with their backs against the carriages, so as to turn their faces from the wind. The foot-passengers kept within the shelter

¹ From *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, Warne & Co.

of the carriages, which could only move slowly in the deep snow. At last the storm abated and a narrow path was swept clean in front of the houses ; when two persons met in this path they stood still, for neither liked to take the first step on one side into the deep snow to let the other pass him. There they stood silent and motionless, till at last, as if by tacit consent, they each sacrificed a leg and buried it in the deep snow. Towards evening the weather became calm. The sky, cleared from the snow, looked more lofty and transparent, while the stars shone with new brightness and purity. The frozen snow crackled under foot, and was quite firm enough to bear the sparrows, who hopped upon it in the morning dawn. They searched for food in the path which had been swept, but there was very little for them, and they were terribly cold. 'Tweet, tweet,' said one to another ; 'they call this a new year, but I think it is worse than the last. We might just as well have kept the old year. I'm quite unhappy, and I have a right to be so.'

2. 'Yes, you have ; and yet the people ran about, and fired off guns, to usher in the new year,' said a little shivering sparrow. 'They threw things against the doors, and were quite beside themselves with joy, because the old year had disappeared. I was glad, too, for I expected we should have some warm days, but my hopes have come to nothing. It freezes harder than ever ; I think mankind have made a mistake in reckoning time.'

3. 'That they have,' said a third, an old sparrow with a white poll ; 'they have something they call a calendar ; it's an invention of their own, and every-

thing must be arranged according to it, but it won't do. When Spring comes, then the year begins. It is the voice of nature, and I reckon by that.'

4 'But when will Spring come?' asked the others.

5. 'It will come when the stork returns, but he is very uncertain, and here in the town no one knows anything about it. In the country they have more knowledge; shall we fly away there and wait? we shall be nearer to spring then, certainly.'

6. 'That may be all very well,' said another sparrow, who had been hopping about for a long time, chirping, but not saying anything of consequence; 'but I have found a few comforts here in town, which I'm afraid I should miss out in the country. Here in this neighbourhood there lives a family of people who have been so sensible as to place three or four flower-pots against the wall in the court-yard, so that the openings are all turned inward, and the bottom of each points outward. In the latter a hole has been cut large enough for me to fly in and out. I and my husband have built a nest in one of these pots, and all our young ones who have now flown away were brought up there. The people who live there of course made the whole arrangement that they might have the pleasure of seeing us, or they would not have done it. It pleased them, also, to strew bread-crumbs for us, and so we have food, and may consider ourselves provided for. So I think my husband and I will stay where we are, although we are not very happy; but we shall stay.'

7. 'And we will fly into the country,' said the

others, 'to see if Spring is coming.' And away they flew.

8. In the country it was really Winter, a few degrees colder than in the town. The sharp winds blew over the snow-covered fields. The farmer, wrapped in warm clothing, sat in his sleigh, and beat his arms across his chest to keep off the cold. The whip lay on his lap. The horses ran till they smoked. The snow crackled, the sparrows hopped about in the wheel-ruts, and shivered, crying, 'Tweet tweet ; when will Spring come ? It is very long in coming.'

9. 'Very long indeed,' sounded over the field, from the nearest snow-covered hill. It might have been the echo which people heard, or perhaps the words of that wonderful old man, who sat high on a heap of snow, regardless of wind or weather. He was all in white ; he had on a peasant's coarse white coat of frieze. He had long white hair, a pale face, and large clear blue eyes. 'Who is that old man ?' asked the sparrows.

10. 'I know who he is,' said an old raven, who sat on the fence, and was condescending enough to acknowledge that we are all equal in the sight of Heaven, even as little birds ; and therefore he talked with the sparrows, and gave them the information they wanted. 'I know who the old man is,' he said. 'It is Winter, the old man of last year ; he is not dead yet, as the calendar says, but acts as guardian to little Prince Spring who is coming. Winter rules here still. Ugh ! the cold makes you shiver, little ones, does it not ?'

11. 'There ! Did I not tell you so,' said the

smallest of the sparrows. 'The calendar is only an invention of man, and is not arranged according to Nature. They should leave these things to us; we are created so much more clever than they are.'

12. One week passed, and then another. The forest looked dark, the hard-frozen lake lay like a sheet of lead. The mountains had disappeared, for over the land hung damp, icy mists. Large black crows flew about in silence; it was as if Nature slept. At length a sunbeam glided over the lake, and it shone like burnished silver. But the snow on the fields and the hills did not glitter as before. The white form of Winter sat there still, with his unwandering gaze fixed on the south. He did not perceive that the snowy carpet seemed to sink as it were into the earth; that here and there a little green patch of grass appeared, and that these patches were covered with sparrows.

13. 'Tee-wit, tee-wit; is spring coming at last?'

14. Spring! How the cry resounded over field and meadow, and through the dark brown woods, where the fresh green moss still gleamed on the trunks of trees; and the from the south came the two first storks flying through the air, and on the back of each sat a lovely little child, a boy and a girl. They greeted the earth with a kiss, and wherever they placed their feet white flowers sprung up from beneath the snow. Hand in hand they approached the old ice-man, Winter, embraced him and clung to his breast; and as they did so, in a moment all three were enveloped in a thick, damp mist, dark and heavy, that closed over them like a veil. The wind arose with mighty rustling tone, and cleared away

the mist. Then the sun shone out warmly. Winter had vanished away, and the beautiful children of Spring sat on the throne of the year.

15. 'This is really a new year,' cried all the sparrows; 'now we shall get our rights, and have some return for what we suffered in Winter.'

16. Wherever the two children wandered, green buds burst forth on bush and tree, the grass grew higher, and the corn-fields became lovely in delicate green.

17. The little maiden strewed flowers in her path. She held her apron before her: it was full of flowers; it was as if they sprung into life there, for the more she scattered around her, the more flowers did her apron contain. Eagerly she showered snowy blossoms over apple and peach trees, so that they stood in full beauty before even their green leaves had burst from the bud. Then the boy and the girl clapped their hands, and troops of birds came flying by, no one knew from whence, and they all twittered and chirped, singing, 'Spring has come!' How beautiful everything was! Many an old dame came forth from her door into the sunshine, and shuffled about with great delight, glancing at the golden flowers which glittered everywhere in the fields, as they used to do in her young days. The world grew young again to her, as she said, 'It is a blessed time out here to-day.' The forest already wore its dress of dark-green buds. The thyme blossomed in fresh fragrance. Primroses and anemones sprang forth, and violets bloomed in the shade, while every blade of grass was full of strength and sap. Who could resist sitting down on such a beautiful carpet? And then the young children of Spring seated themselves,

holding each other's hands ; and sang, and laughed, and grew. A gentle rain fell upon them from the sky, but they did not notice it, for the rain-drops were their own tears of joy. They kissed each other and were betrothed ; and in the same moment the buds of the trees unfolded, and when the sun rose the forest was green. Hand in hand the two wandered beneath the fresh pendant canopy of foliage, while the sun's rays gleamed through the opening of the shade, in changing and varied colours. The delicate young leaves filled the air with refreshing odour. Merrily rippled the clear brooks and rivulets between the green, velvety rushes, and over the many coloured pebbles beneath. All Nature spoke of abundance and plenty. The cuckoo sang, and the lark carolled, for it was now beautiful Spring. The careful willows had, however, covered their blossoms with woolly gloves ; and this carefulness is rather tedious.



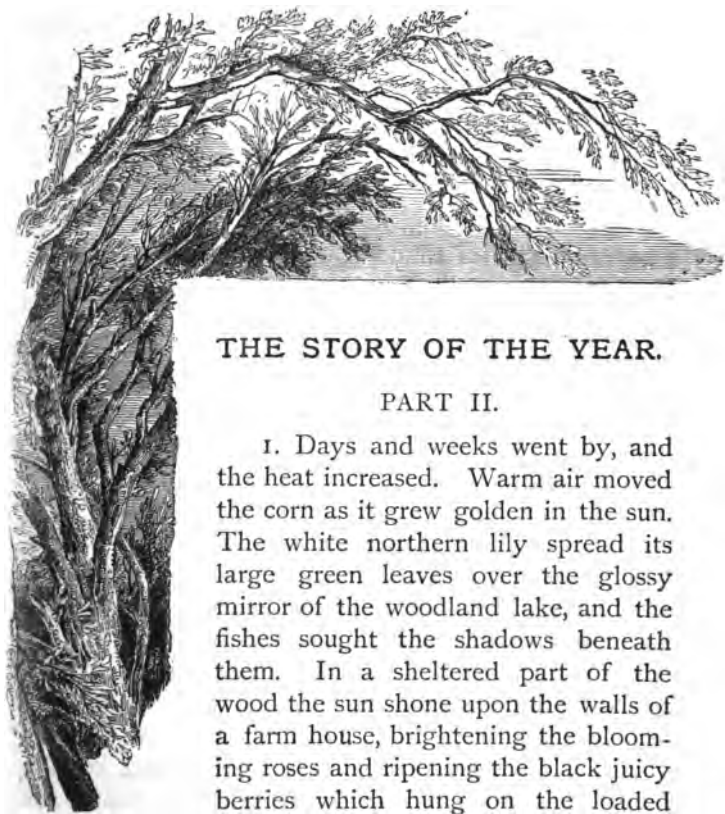
abated, lessened.
tacit, silent.
sacrificed, gave way.
transparent, clear.
terribly, very.
disappeared, passed away.
expected, looked, anticipated.
calendar, almanac.
invention, plan, device.
arranged, ordered.
consequence, importance.
regardless, not caring.
condescending, courteous,
humble.

burnished, polished.
perceive, notice.
approached, drew near.
embraced, clasped him in their
arms.
enveloped, covered.
vanished, departed.
strewed, scattered.
eagerly, ardently, with joy.
fragrance, sweetness of smell.
betrothed, pledged to marry.
pendant, hanging.
varied, different.
tedious, tiresome.

Voice of Nature—The changes which take place in the vegetable and animal world ; plants springing forth and birds beginning their songs.

Canopy of foliage—A covering or shade of leaves.





THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

PART II.

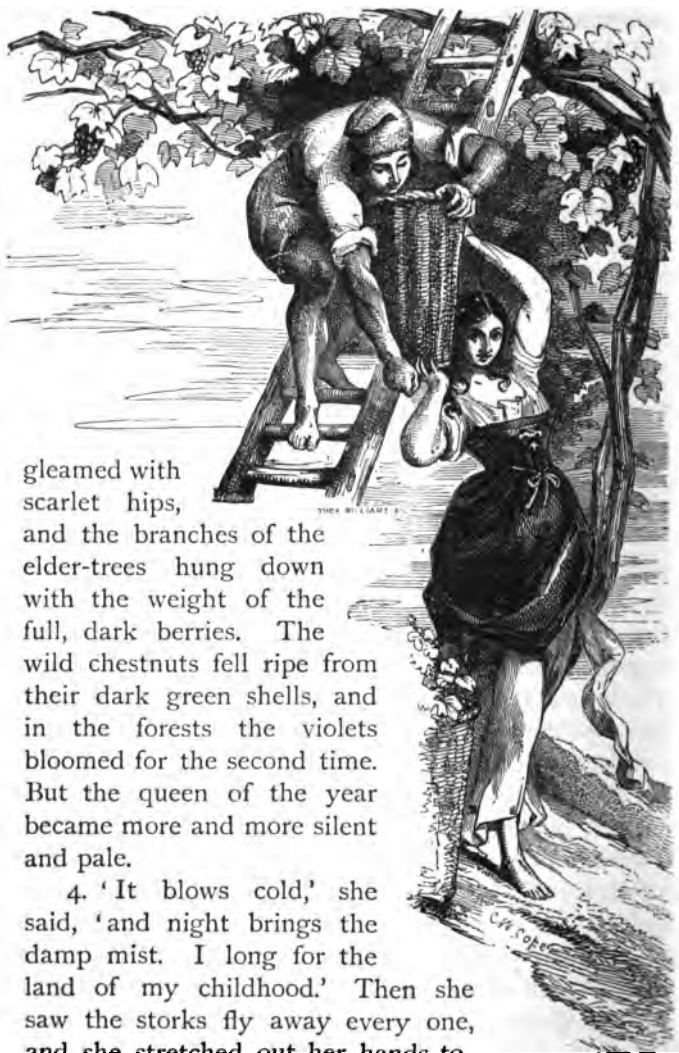
1. Days and weeks went by, and the heat increased. Warm air moved the corn as it grew golden in the sun. The white northern lily spread its large green leaves over the glossy mirror of the woodland lake, and the fishes sought the shadows beneath them. In a sheltered part of the wood the sun shone upon the walls of a farm house, brightening the blooming roses and ripening the black juicy berries which hung on the loaded cherry-trees with his hot beams. Here sat the lovely wife of Summer, the same whom we have seen as a child and a bride ; her eyes were fixed on dark gathering clouds, which, in wavy outlines of black and indigo, were piling themselves up like mountains, higher and higher. They came from every side, always increasing like a rising, rolling sea.

Then they swooped towards the forest, where every sound had been silenced as if by magic, every breath hushed, every bird mute. All nature stood still in grave suspense. But in the lanes and the highways, passengers on foot or in carriages were hurrying to find a place of shelter. Then came a flash of light, as if the sun had rushed forth from the sky, flaming, burning, all-devouring, and darkness returned amid a rolling crash of thunder. The rain poured down in streams—now there was darkness, then blinding light, now thrilling silence, then deafening din. The young brown reeds on the moor waved to-and-fro in feathery billows ; the forest boughs were hidden in a watery mist, and still light and darkness followed each other, still came the silence after the roar, while the corn and the blades of grass lay beaten down and swamped, so that it seemed almost impossible that they should ever rise again. But, after a while, the rain began to fall gently, the sun's rays pierced the clouds, and the water-drops glittered like pearls on leaf and stem. The birds sang, the fishes leaped up to the surface of the water, the gnats danced in the sunshine, and yonder, on a rock by the heaving salt sea, sat Summer himself, a strong man with sturdy limbs and long, dripping hair. Strengthened by the cool bath, he sat in the warm sunshine, while all around him renewed nature bloomed strong, luxuriant, and beautiful : it was summer, warm, lovely summer. Sweet and pleasant was the fragrance wafted from the clover field, where the bees swarmed round the ruined tower, the bramble twined itself over the old altar, which, washed by the rain, glittered in the sunshine ; and thither flew the queen bee with her

swarm, and prepared wax and honey. But Summer and his bosom-wife saw it with different eyes ; to them the altar-table was covered with the offerings of nature. The evening sky shone like gold, no church dome could ever gleam so brightly, and between the golden evening and the blushing morning there was moonlight. It was indeed summer. And days and weeks passed, the bright scythes of the reapers glittered in the corn-fields, the branches of the apple-trees bent low, heavy with the red and golden fruit. The hop, hanging in clusters, filled the air with sweet fragrance, and beneath the hazel-bushes, where the nuts hung in great bunches, rested a man and a woman—Summer and his grave consort.

2. 'See,' she exclaimed, 'what wealth, what blessings surround us. Everything is home-like and good, and yet, I know not why, I long for rest and peace ; I can scarcely express what I feel. They are already ploughing the fields again ; more and more the people wish for gain. See, the storks are flocking together, and following the plough at a short distance. They are the birds from Egypt, who carried us through the air. Do you remember how we came as children to the land of the north ? We brought with us flowers and bright sunshine, and green to the forests, but the wind has been rough with them, and they are now become dark and brown, like the trees of the south, but they do not, like them, bear golden fruit.'

3. 'Do you wish to see golden fruit ?' said the man : 'then rejoice,' and he lifted his arm. The leaves of the forest put on colours of red and gold, and bright tints covered the woodlands. The rose-bushes



gleamed with scarlet hips, and the branches of the elder-trees hung down with the weight of the full, dark berries. The wild chestnuts fell ripe from their dark green shells, and in the forests the violets bloomed for the second time. But the queen of the year became more and more silent and pale.

4. 'It blows cold,' she said, 'and night brings the damp mist. I long for the land of my childhood.' Then she saw the storks fly away every one, and she stretched out her hands to-

ward them. She looked at the empty nests ; in one of them grew a long stalked corn-flower, in another the yellow mustard seed, as if the nest had been placed there only for its comfort and protection, and the sparrows were flying round them all.

5. 'Where has the master of the nest gone?' cried one. 'I suppose he could not bear it when the wind blew, and therefore he has left this country. I wish him a pleasant journey.'

6. The forest leaves become more and more yellow, leaf after leaf fell, and the stormy winds of Autumn howled. The year was now far advanced, and upon the fallen, yellow leaves, lay the queen of the year, looking up with mild eyes at a gleaming star, and her husband stood by her. A gust of wind swept through the foliage, and the leaves fell in a shower. The summer queen was gone, but a butterfly, the last of the year, flew through the cold air. Damp fogs came, icy winds blew, and the long dark nights of winter approached. The ruler of the year appeared with hair white as snow, but he knew it not; he thought snow-flakes falling from the sky covered his head, as they decked the green fields with a thin, white covering of snow. And then the church bells rang out for Christmas time.

7. 'The bells are ringing for the new-born year,' said the ruler. 'Soon will a new ruler and his bride be born, and I shall go to rest with my wife in yonder light-giving star.'

8. In the fresh green fir-wood, where the snow lay all around, stood the angel of Christmas, and consecrated the young trees that were to adorn his feast.

9. 'May there be joy in the rooms, and under the

green boughs,' said the old ruler of the year. In a few weeks he had become a very old man, with hair as white as snow. 'My resting-time draws near; the young pair of the year will soon claim my crown and sceptre.'

10. 'But the night is still thine,' said the angel of Christmas, 'for power, but not for rest. Let the snow lie warmly upon the tender seed. Learn to endure the thought that another is worshipped whilst thou art still lord. Learn to endure being forgotten while yet thou livest. The hour of thy freedom will come when spring appears.'

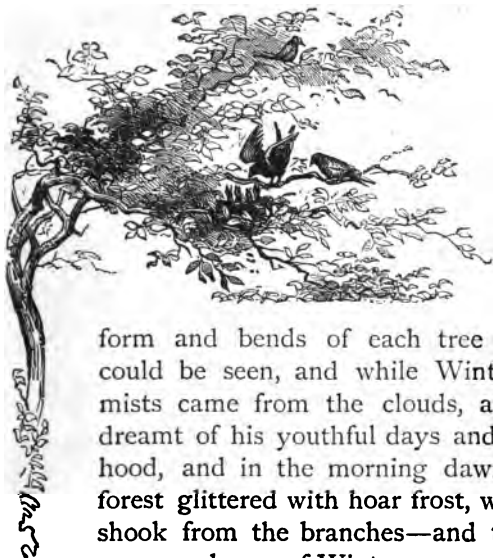
11. 'And when will Spring come?' asked Winter.

12. 'It will come when the stork returns.'

And with white locks and snowy beard, cold, bent, and hoary, but strong as the wintry storm, and firm as the ice, Winter sat on the snowdrift-covered hill, looking towards the south, where Winter had sat before and gazed. The ice glittered, the snow crackled, the skaters skimmed over the polished surface of the lakes; ravens and crows formed a pleasing contrast to the white ground, and not a breath of wind stirred, and in the still air old Winter clenched his fists, and the ice lay fathoms deep between the lands. Then came the sparrows again out of the town, and asked, 'Who is that old man?' The raven sat there still, or it might be his son, which is the same thing, and he said to them,

13. 'It is Winter, the old man of the former year; he is not dead, as the calendar says, but he is guardian to the Spring, which is coming.'

14. 'When will Spring come?' asked the sparrows, 'for we shall have better times then, and a better rule. The old times are worth nothing.'



15. And in quiet thought old Winter looked at the leafless forest, where the graceful

form and bends of each tree and branch could be seen, and while Winter slept, icy mists came from the clouds, and the ruler dreamt of his youthful days and of his manhood, and in the morning dawn the whole forest glittered with hoar frost, which the sun shook from the branches—and this was the summer dream of Winter.

16. 'When will Spring come?' asked the sparrows, 'Spring!' Again the echo sounded from the hills on which the snow lay. The sunshine became warmer, the snow melted, and the birds twittered, 'Spring is coming!' And high in the air flew the first stork, and the second followed; a lovely child sat on the back of each, and they sank down on the open field, kissed the earth, and kissed the quiet old man; and as the mist from the mountain-top, he vanished away and disappeared. And the story of the year was finished.

17. 'This is all very fine, no doubt,' said the sparrows, 'and it is very beautiful; but it is not according to the calendar, therefore it must be all wrong.'

delicate, young, tender.
carolled, warbled.
increased, became greater.
mirror, looking-glass.
indigo, deep blue.
swooped, came down suddenly.
magic, spell, enchantment.
mute, silent.
suspense, uncertainty.
thrilling, solemn, affecting.
swamped, drowned with rain.
sturdy, powerful, robust.
renewed, made over again.
luxuriant, rich, abundant.
prepared, made ready.

consort, wife, companion.
exclaimed, said aloud.
scarcely, hardly.
express, say.
protection, care.
howled, uttered cries like a dog.
consecrated, set apart for sacred use.
endure, bear.
hoary, gray with age.
guardian, keeper, watcher.
crown and sceptre, signs of kingship and power.
worshipped, respected, held in reverence.





DEATH OF WAT TYLER.

RISING OF THE COMMONS.¹

1. The latter half of the fourteenth century was a stirring time for the English working classes. Owing to many causes—at some of which we can only guess—an angry and fretful spirit had got the mastery over them. They felt themselves to be deeply wronged by the owners of lands, who were reaping the fruits of their industry, and yet wanted to keep them in bondage, or to bring them back to a bondage from which they had almost escaped. A great change which was going on added to the hardships of their lot, and to their wrath in consequence.

2. In earlier days most of the rustic folk, of the men who tilled the soil, belonged to the class called

¹ *Epochs of English History.*

villeins, who were bound to toil with their hands on the farms of their lord, and could not leave his service as they chose, for they were in a certain sense his property quite as much as his horses and dogs. But a villein had his rights; the cottage and patch of ground that his lord allowed him in payment of his labour or for his support, became in course of time his property, which his lord could not touch, so long as the services to which the villein was bound were duly rendered. After a time many lords agreed to take money in place of villein services; others set their villeins free. The spirit of the law and the influence of the Church worked together to lessen the evil of villeinage, and the number of villeins. So it came about that the rustics throughout the country were much better off than before. Most of them were as good as free; many of them were altogether so.

3. This happy state of things was rudely shaken by the great plague of 1349. In this almost, if not quite, one half of the labouring population was cut off. There were no longer labourers enough to till the soil. Wages rose suddenly to an unheard-of height; and the great lords were at their wits' end to know how to get their farms cultivated. In their distress they got a law passed, called the Statute of Labourers, by which all men trained to labour were bound under penalties to work for the same wages as had been customary in 1347. This law failed in its object; it was followed by others of a similar kind, which were alike of no effect. Many of the great landowners then began to cut up their huge farms, which had been hitherto managed by bailiffs, into smaller ones, and to let these out on short leases. Indeed, this is

said to be the beginning of the practice of letting now in use. Others, however, tried to fall back on the custom of villein service, which had so greatly fallen out of use. Many were claimed as villeins who had never had a doubt of their freedom. And it is supposed that an attempt was made at the same time by those who had taken to the custom of letting their farms, to return to the older way of farming by bailiffs.

4. About this time, also, the movement set on foot by Wicliff began to find its way down into the mass of the people. One of his peculiar doctrines—that it was unlawful for the clergy to hold property—was turned into a belief that all property was unlawful; and many of the lower orders thought that all men should be brought to one common level. The spokesman of this doctrine was John Ball, who asked—

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?

5. Yet there might not have been any rising of the kind but for a measure that Parliament was forced to by the straits they were brought into regarding the means of raising money for the king. The last Parliament of Edward III. had voted a poll-tax of fourpence a head, which was to be paid by everyone in the land. Again, in 1379, a similar grant was made, which, however, differed from that of 1377 in the fact that each man was rated according to his rank, a duke paying 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; an ordinary labourer four pence. In 1380 Parliament enacted that for every person above the age of 15 there should be paid to the Crown a sum not less than twelve pence,

and not more than twenty shillings. It was this tax that did the mischief; in the June of the next year the Commons of almost every county sprang suddenly to arms.

6. The outbreak must have been planned beforehand, for it took place in counties far apart from each other almost at the same time. Many of the classes which took part in it had little in common. Between the men of Kent, where villeinage had never been known, and the men of Essex, who clamoured to be free from villeinage, there could be little sympathy. But it would seem that all who had wrongs to complain of agreed to act together to avenge or to redress them. The men of Kent rose under Wat Tyler, and moving on London, burnt the Savoy, the palace of John of Gaunt, whom they specially disliked. At the same time the men of Essex and the men of Hertfordshire also made for the capital in separate bodies. In a few days there was hardly a shire that was not in arms. There was great destruction of legal documents, the poor rustics hoping that thus might perish every record of their past and present bondage. King Richard, who was then in the Tower, rode out to Mile End, where the men of Essex were, and heard their demands. These were that bondage and tolls at markets should utterly cease, a fixed rent be paid for land in place of villein services, and a general pardon be granted to those who had taken up arms. All these the king promised to grant; and the men of Essex went home. But while Richard was at Mile End the Kentish men broke into the Tower; seized, dragged out, and murdered Simon of Sudbury, primate and chancellor, and Sir Robert Hales, the

treasurer ; and did many other acts of gross outrage. Next day Richard met the whole rout at Smithfield, and was talking with them, when Walworth, the mayor of London, smote down Tyler, who was at once killed. For a moment Richard and those with him were in great danger ; but the king, boy as he was, had all the fearlessness of his race. He put himself at the head of the rebels, led them into the open country, and when the Londoners gathered a force and surrounded them, would not allow them to be harmed. He even gave them the charters of freedom they had asked for. Then the men of Kent also went home. In many other places throughout England deeds of outrage and bloodshed were done ; but either the doers were put down with the strong hand, or they made haste to get home on hearing what had happened in London. Then an awful vengeance was taken on the hapless rustics. The law went to work, and cut down its victims by hundreds and thousands. Even the charters of freedom which had been given them were taken away again. Indeed, the king had gone beyond his powers in granting them. Still the lesson was not lost on the landholders. When their fright had passed away they gave over insisting on villein service, and let the movement towards freedom take its course.

fretful, discontented.
industry, labour, work.
bondage, slavery.
rustics, country people.
support, keep.
rendered, given.
cultivated, farmed, tilled.
distress, trouble, anxiety.
penalties, fines, punishments.
customary, usual.

bailiffs, stewards.
leases, agreements for a fixed time at a stated rent.
commons, the common people.
straits, difficulties.
enacted, ordered.
clamoured, demanded.
avenge, take satisfaction for injury done.

redress, set right.
sympathy, fellow feeling.
specially, particularly.
shire, county.

capital, London.
record, register, proof.
vengeance, revenge.
insisting on, demanding.

Fourteenth century—1300 to 1400.

Villeins—Labourers attached to the soil, serfs.

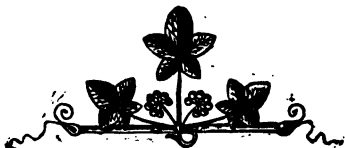
Influence of the Church—The priests or ministers as representing the Church would at times step in between the poor serf and his harsh and cruel master.

Wicliff—Who translated portions of the Scriptures and preached against the evils which then prevailed in the Church : known as the 'Morning Star of the Reformation.'

Legal documents—Deeds binding in law, formerly written on parchment.

Charters of freedom—Written documents, granting the demands made by the people.

Great plague—Known as the Black Death, which visited England in 1348, and again in 1361 and 1369, sweeping away more than one-half the population.





HUBERT AND PRINCE ARTHUR.¹

[The Prince is next supposed to have been conveyed as a prisoner to Northampton Castle. In the following scene Hubert is represented as taking immediate steps for putting out the eyes of Prince Arthur. The Prince, however, by his innocent prattle so works upon Hubert's feelings that at last he relents and promises not to harm him.]

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand 1
 Within the arras ; when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair ; be heedful ; hence, and watch. 5

Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

¹ To be read in connection with the scene in which John suggests the murder of the Prince.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you ; look to 't.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince. 10

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince), as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks nobody should be sad but I ; 15

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be sad as night

Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long ; 20

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me ;

He is afraid of me, and I of him ;

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed is't not ; and I would to heaven 25

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead ;

Therefore I will be sudden and despatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day ; 30

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you ;

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.* 35

How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief ; lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ? 40

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect ;

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will. 45

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but
ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head ; 50

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?

Or, What good love may I perform for you ?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still, 55

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning ; do, an if you will ;

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill, 60

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;

And with hot irons must I burn them out. 65

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron ? 70

An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes, 75
 I would not have believ'd him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth ! [Stamps.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men. 80

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so bois'trous rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away, 85
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily ;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to. 90

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS.*

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;
 Let him come back, that his compassion may 95
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours, 100
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then, feeling what small things are bois'trous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue. 105

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes ;

Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes ; 110
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief, 115
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes ; see else yourself ;
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head. 120

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert ;
 Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
 And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight, 125
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things that you should use to do me wrong
 Deny their office ; only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses. 130

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes ;
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while 135
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ; no more : adieu !
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead .
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure, 140
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more ; go closely in with me,
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.* 145]

2. **Arras**—In old times the rooms of the wealthy were hung round with curtains or hangings. These hangings were called the *arras*, from a town of that name in France noted for their manufacture. The arras was a convenient hiding-place for persons who wished to hear and observe all that was going on in the room without themselves being seen.

6. **Your warrant**—Your authority or instructions from the king.

10-11. **Little prince**—Hubert has been addressing him as *little* in reference to his size. Arthur replies, that though he was born to the *title* and *estate* of a prince, yet, inasmuch as he was a captive and deprived of power, there was *little of the prince* about him.

18. **For wantonness**—For mere foolishness, whim or fashion.

„ **My Christendom**—My baptism.

24. **Geoffrey's son**—Arthur was the son of Geoffrey, elder brother of John. Geoffrey was killed at a tournament, leaving Arthur as his heir.

27. **Innocent prate**—Childish, guileless prattle.

29. **Despatch**—Make haste, do the work quickly.

31. **In sooth**—To speak the truth.

31. **I would**—I wish.

34. **Do take possession**—His words rouse my pity.

36. **Rheum**—Tears: Hubert is trying to suppress or smother his better nature, but Arthur's words cause his pity for the young prince to show itself in foolish rheum or tears.

37. **Dispiteous**—Without pity, unfeeling.

38. **Lest resolution, &c.**—Lest he should change his resolution, and weep for very shame and pity—like a soft-hearted woman—at the thought of his cruel intentions.

40. **Fair writ**—Well written, legible.

41. **Foul effect**—Evil deed or purpose.

48. **Wrought**—Worked.

52. **Still and anon**—Frequently, from time to time.

53. **Lack**—Want.

53. **Grief**—Pain.

54. **Good love**—Good office, good work.

58. **Crafty**—Cunning, shown for a purpose.

59. **An if you will**—If you wish. [*An if=if.*]

66. **Iron age**—An unfeeling age, or time when peoples' better feelings had been deadened.

69. **Quench his fiery indignation**—As if he should say, the iron

would draw tears from my eyes ; which tears falling upon the iron and entering into it would quench or destroy its heat and thus render it harmless ; nay, not only so, but drinking up the falling tears the iron itself would at last turn to rust.

73. **Stubborn hard**—Can you resist my pleadings, or are you more stubborn, unyielding, or hard-hearted than hammered iron which would yield its heat to my tears ?

88. **Angerly**—Angrily.

93. **Chid away**—Chidden, or driven away by my words.

98. **No remedy**—No relief, no way out of it.

102. **Any annoyance**—Anything to trouble you and make you feel pain.

104. **Vile intent**—Evil intention or purpose must seem to you more evil still.

106. **Brace of tongues**—Two tongues would be inadequate to the task of pleading for a pair of eyes.

112. **Instrument**—The heated iron, which had gone cold during the talk or parleying.

121. **Revive it**—Quicken it, make it to glow again.

124. **Perchance**—Perhaps.

124. **Will sparkle**—Will throw sparks in your eyes.

126. **Tarre**—Urge, incite.

128. **Deny their office**—Refuse or fail to do their work.

130. **Mercy-lacking uses**—Things noted for uses the reverse of merciful,—fire often causing great destruction and misery, and iron being the metal of which weapons of war and instruments of torture are made.

132. **Thine uncle**—King John.

136. **Disguised**—Not your own self.

137. **Adieu**—[*To God*] French form of farewell.

139. **Dogged spies**—The two attendants who had been set to dog or watch his actions.

140. **Doubtless**—Free from doubt or apprehension of any harm.

145. **Much danger**—From the resentment of the king in case he should discover that Arthur had not been murdered.





CRATER OF KILAUEA BY DAY.

THE ASCENT OF KILAUEA.¹

PART I.

1. The first part of our way lay along the flat ground, gay with bright scarlet Guernsey lilies, and shaded by cocoa-nut trees between the town and the sea. Then we struck off to the right, and soon left the town behind us, emerging into the open country. At a distance from the sea, Hilo looks as green as the Emerald Isle itself ; but on a closer inspection the grass turns out to be coarse and dry, and many of the trees look scrubby and half dead. Except in the 'gulches' and the deep holes between the hills, the island is covered with lava, in many places of so recent a deposit that it has not yet had time to decompose, and there is consequently only a thin layer of soil on its surface. This soil being, however, very

¹ *A Voyage in the Sunbeam.*

rich, vegetation flourishes luxuriantly for a time ; but as soon as the roots have penetrated a certain depth, and have come into contact with the lava, the trees wither up and perish, like the seed that fell on stony ground.

2. The *ohia* trees form a handsome feature in the landscape with their thick, tall stems, glossy foliage, and light crimson flowers. The fruit is a small, pink, waxy-looking apple, slightly acid, but pleasant to the taste when you are thirsty. The candle-nut trees attain to a large size, and their light green foliage and white flowers have a very graceful appearance. Most of the foliage, however, is spoiled by a deposit of black dust, not unlike what one sees on the leaves in a London garden. I do not know whether this is caused by the fumes of the not far distant volcano, or whether it is some kind of mould or fungus.

3. After riding about ten miles in the blazing sun we reached a forest, where the vegetation was quite tropical, though not so varied in its beauties as that of Brazil, or of the still more lovely South Sea Islands. The protection from the sun afforded by the dense mass of foliage was extremely grateful ; but the air of the forest was close and stifling, and at the end of five miles we were glad to emerge once more into the open. More than once we had a fine view of the sea, stretching away into the far distance, though it was sometimes mistaken for the bright blue sky, until the surf could be seen breaking upon the black rocks, amid the encircling groves of coconut trees.

4. The sun shone fiercely at intervals, and the rain came down several times in torrents. The pace

was slow, the road was dull and dreary, and many were the inquiries made for the 'Half-way House,' long before we reached it. At last we came to a native house, crowded with people, where they were making *tappa* or *kapa*—the cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry. Here we stopped for a few minutes until our guide hurried us on, pointing out the church and the 'Half-way House' just ahead.

5. After our meal we mounted, and set off for the 'Volcano House.' We had not gone far before we were again overtaken by a shower, which once more drenched us to the skin.

6. The scene was certainly one of extreme beauty. The moon was hidden by a cloud, and the prospect lighted only by the glare of the volcano, which hovered before and above us like the Israelites' pillar of fire, giving us hopes of a splendid spectacle when we should at last reach the long-wished-for crater. Presently the moon shone forth again, and gleamed and glistened on the raindrops and silver-grasses till they looked like fireflies and glowworms. At last, becoming impatient, we proceeded slowly on our way, until we met a man on horseback, who hailed us in a cheery voice with an unmistakable American accent. It was the landlord of the 'Volcano House,' Mr. Kane, who, fearing from the delay that we had met with some mishap, had started to look for us. He explained that he thought it was only his duty to look after and help ladies visiting the volcano, and added that he had intended going down as far as the 'Half-way House' in search of us. It was a great

relief to know that we were in the right track, and I quite enjoyed the gallop through the dark forest, though there was barely sufficient light to enable me to discern the horse immediately in front of me. When we emerged from the wood we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep, and in many places overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous cauldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the centre was the still glowing stream of dark red lava, flowing slowly towards us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames and smoke issuing from the ground. A bit of the 'Black country' at night, with all the coal heaps on fire, would give you some idea of the scene. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

7. Twenty minutes' hard riding brought us to the door of the 'Volcano House,' from which issued the comforting light of a large wood fire, reaching half-way up the chimney. . . .

8. The grandeur of the view in the direction of the volcano increased as the evening wore on. The fiery cloud above the present crater grew in size and depth of colour; the extinct crater glowed red in thirty or forty different places; and clouds of white vapour issued from every crack and crevice in the ground, adding to the sulphurous smell with which the atmosphere was laden. Our room faced the volcano; there were no blinds, and I drew back the curtains,

and lay watching the splendid scene until I fell asleep.

9. I was up at four o'clock to gaze once more on the wondrous spectacle that lay before me. The molten lava still flowed in many places, the red cloud over the lake was bright as ever, and steam was slowly ascending in every direction, over hill and valley, till, as the sun rose, it became difficult to distinguish clearly the sulphurous vapours from the morning mists. We walked down to the Sulphur Banks, about a quarter of a mile from the 'Volcano House,' and burnt our gloves and boots in our endeavours to procure crystals, the beauty of which generally disappeared after a very short exposure to the air. We succeeded, however, in finding a few good specimens, and, by wrapping them at once in paper and cotton-wool, and putting them into a bottle, hope to bring them home uninjured.

inspection, view, examination.
gulches, deep clefts or water courses.
decompose, fall to pieces.
contact, touch.
foliage, leaves.
acid, sour.
attain, reach, grow to.
fumes, gases, vapours.
varied, diversified.
protection, shelter, defence.
afforded, yielded.
extremely, very.
grateful, pleasing, welcome.
stifling, choking.
emerge, come out.
encircling, surrounding.
intervals, by times.
dreary, wearisome.
prospect, view, scene.

splendid spectacle, grand sight.
hailed, saluted.
accent, pronunciation.
delay, waiting.
mishap, accident.
intended, purposed.
relief, alleviation, comfort.
barely sufficient, hardly enough.
discern, see clearly.
enormous, great.
cauldron, boiler.
issuing, coming out.
sensation, feeling.
disappointment, dissatisfaction.
activity, life.
extinct, dead, no longer in action.
ascending, rising.
distinguish, see the difference.
endeavours, attempts.
exposure, lying open.

Kilauea—A volcanic peak in the Sandwich Islands, lying in the Pacific Ocean to the west of America.

Hilo—The port of the island.

Lava—The molten matter discharged by a volcano during an eruption.

Crater—The hollow or basin-like depression, generally at or near the top of a volcano, and communicating with the interior.

Emerald Isle—Ireland, so called from its verdure.

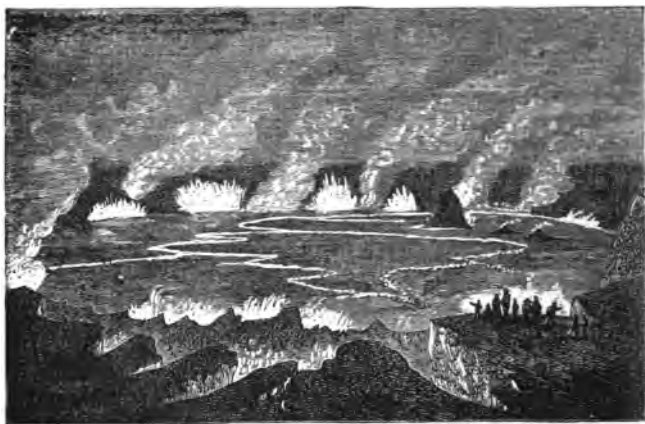
Black country—A name applied to the iron-smelting districts of South Staffordshire.

Flourishes luxuriantly—Grows thick and rapidly.

The seed that fell, &c.—Alluding to the Parable of the Sower :
'And some fell on stony ground.'



PALMYRA PALM.



LAKE OF FIRE BY NIGHT.

THE ASCENT OF KILAUEA.

PART II.

I. On our return we found a gentleman who had just arrived from Kau, and who proposed to join us in our expedition to the crater, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we set out, a party of eight, with two guides, and three porters to carry our wraps and provisions, and to bring back specimens. Before leaving the inn the landlord came to us and begged us in an earnest and confidential manner to be very careful, to do exactly what our guides told us, and especially to follow in their footsteps when returning in the dark. He added : ' There never has been an accident happen to anybody from my house, and I should feel real mean if one did ; but there have been a power of narrow escapes.'

2. First of all we descended the precipice, 300 feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zigzag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold boiled lava, which we had seen from above last night. Even here, in every crevice where a few grains of soil had collected, delicate little ferns might be seen struggling for life, and thrusting out their green fronds towards the light. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable, over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained, and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, creaking and breaking beneath our feet. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified while in the act of boiling; sometimes the black iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ-pipes, or had gathered into mounds or cones of various dimensions. As we proceeded, the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream, the vapours almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance. The lava was more glassy and transparent-looking, as if it had been fused at a higher temperature than usual; and the crystals of

sulphur, alum, and other minerals, with which it abounded, reflected the light in bright prismatic colours. In places it was quite transparent, and we could see beneath it the long streaks of a stringy kind of lava, like brown-spun glass, called 'Pélé's hair.'

3. At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and began the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top; and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

4. We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal colour seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin grey scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and crackled, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seem to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large

cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of fresh ones.

5. It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime ; but no words could adequately describe such a scene. The precipice on which we were standing overhung the crater so much that it was impossible to see what was going on immediately beneath ; but from the columns of smoke and vapour that arose, the flames and sparks that constantly drove us back from the edge, it was easy to imagine that there must have been two or three grand fiery fountains below. As the sun set, and darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink, to breathe some fresh air and to try and eat the food we had brought with us ; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the splendid scene. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair, at the futility of their efforts.

6. Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks—seven fire-fountains playing simultaneously. With the increasing darkness the colours emitted by the glowing mass became more and more wonderful, varying from the deepest

jet-black to the palest grey, from darkest maroon, through cherry and scarlet to the most delicate pink, violet, and blue ; from the richest brown through orange and yellow, to the lightest straw colour. And there was yet another shade, only describable by the term 'molten-lava-colour.' Even the smokes and vapours were rendered beautiful by their borrowed lights and tints, and the black peaks, pinnacles, and crags, which surrounded the amphitheatre, formed a splendid and appropriate background. Sometimes great pieces broke off and tumbled with a crash into the burning lake, only to be remelted and thrown up anew. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface, the gray lava on which we were standing and sitting was red-hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

7. One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict injunctions of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel ; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over or jumped across. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and

the stick on which I leant caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

8. It was half-past eleven when we once more found ourselves beneath Mr. Kane's hospitable roof; he had expected us to return at nine o'clock, and was beginning to feel anxious about us.

9. Turning in last night was the work of a very few minutes, and this morning I awoke perfectly refreshed and ready to appreciate anew the wonders of the prospect that met my eyes. The pillar of fire was still distinctly visible when I looked out from my window, though it was not so bright as when I had last seen it: but even as I looked it began to fade, and gradually disappeared. At the same moment a river of glowing lava issued from the side of the bank we had climbed with so much difficulty yesterday, and slowly and surely overflowed the ground we had walked over. You may imagine the feelings with which we gazed upon this startling phenomenon, which, had it occurred a few hours earlier, might have caused the destruction of the whole party.

expedition, journey, visit.
confidential, private, friendly.
exactly, just, precisely.
inserted, placed in.
render, make.
crevice, crack, fissure.
delicate, tender.
fronds, leaflets of ferns.
extraordinary, strange.
imaginable, that can be fancied.
distorted, twisted out of shape.
conceivable, imaginable.
originally, when it issued from the crater.
petrified, turned to stone, made solid.

assumed, taken.
dimensions, sizes.
affecting, acting upon.
transparent, clear, that may be seen through.
fused, melted, liquefied by heat.
reflected, threw back.
retire, draw back.
gory, red-looking.
normal, usual, customary.
emitted, (a) gave out, (b) given out.
unceasingly, without stopping.
relentless, pitiless.
gigantic, giant-like.
magnificently sublime, extremely grand.

adequately, fully.
imagine, picture, fancy.
enveloped, covered.
suggested, gave rise to.
agony, great pain.
despair, hopelessness.
futility, uselessness.
simultaneously, at once, at the same time.
pinnacles, turrets, spiring points.
appropriate, suitable.

amphitheatre, circular enclosure, the crater.
enthralled, held spell-bound.
injunctions, orders, commands.
route, way, track.
hospitable, kind.
appreciate, estimate justly, value.
distinctly visible, plain to be seen.
gradually, by degrees.
phenomenon, remarkable sight.
occurred, taken place.

Iridescent—Coloured like the rainbow.

Practicable—What may be done or performed.

Leeward—The side *towards* which the wind was blowing the *gales*, as opposed to windward, the side *from* which the wind was blowing.

Prismatic colours—The rainbow colours produced when a ray of white light is passed through a prism.

Pélé's hair—Pélé is the 'goddess of fire,' among the Sandwich Islanders.

Stalactites—Mineral substances hanging like icicles from the roofs of caverns. Similar formations rising from the floor are called stalagmites.



FERNS.



NAT RICKET.¹

1. Nat Ricket
At cricket
Was reckoned a don,
As ere rolled
The red leather
The green grass upon.
His feet were so nimble,
His legs were so long,
His hands were so quick,
And his arms were so strong,
That it mattered not where,
At long leg or square
At mid-on, at mid-off, and almost mid-air

¹ From *Kind Words*, by permission.

At point, slip, or longstop,
Wherever it came,
At long on, or long off,
'Twas always the same
If Nat was the scout.
Back came whizzing the ball ;
And the umpire's shout
Answered Nat's lusty call
With always 'run out,'
Or else 'no run' at all.
In fact, bowling or scouting,
Or watching at wicket,
You'd not meet in an outing
The likes of Nat Ricket.

2. Nat Ricket
For cricket
Was always inclined ;
Even babyhood
Showed the strong
Bent of his mind.
At two
He could get in the way of the ball ;
At four
He could catch, though his hands were so small ;
At six
He could bat, and before he was seven
He wanted to be in the ' County eleven '

3. But that was the time
For this chief of his joys,
When the Muddleby challenged
The Blunderby boys.
They came in a waggon
That Farmer Sheaf lent them,
With Dick Rick the carter,
In whose charge he sent them ;

And as they came over
The Muddleby hill,
The cheer that resounded
I think I hear still ;
And of all the gay caps
That flew into the air,
The top cap of all
Told Nat Ricket was there.

4. They tossed up for innings,
And bent upon winnings,
The Blunderby boys took their bats in their hand
And strode to the wicket,
While nimble Nat Ricket
Placed his *men* in the field for a resolute stand ;
And while each sturdy scout
Took his usual spot,
Our Nat roamed about
To look after the lot.
And as they stood there when the umpire called 'play,'
'Twas a sight to remember for many a day.

5. The bowling at starting
Was lanky Luke Lister's,
And there's no bowling like it
For underhand twisters ;
And what with his pace
And directness of aim,
It was pretty hard *work*,
Was the Blunderby *game*.
Why, with Nat in the field
To look after the ball,
'Twas a terrible struggle
To get runs at all !
Though they hit out their hardest,

A regular stunner,
It was rare that it reckoned
For more than a one ;
It was seldom indeed
That they troubled the scorer
To put down a twoer,
A threeer, or fourer ;
And as for a 'lost ball,'
A fiver, or sixer,
Why, the Blunderby boys
Were not up to the trick, sir.
Still they battled full well
Until, sixty the score,
The last wicket fell,
And the innings was o'er.

6. But then came the cheering
(Nat Ricket appearing,
A smile on his face, and a bat in his hand
As he walked to the wicket),
From hill-side to thicket,
They couldn't cheer more for a lord of the land.
And when he began
'Twas a picture to see
How the first ball went flying
Right over a tree ;
How the second went whizzing
Right up to the sky,
And the third ball went bang
In the umpire's eye ;
How he made poor point dance
On his nimble young pins,
When a ball flew askance
And came full on his shins ;
How he kept the two scorers
Both working like niggers,

At putting down runs
And at adding up figures ;
How he put all the field
In profuse perspiration,
Rushing here, rushing there
In their wild agitation.
Why, Diana or Nimrod,
Or both rolled together,
Never hunted the stag
As they 'hunted the leather.'

7. It was something like cricket,
There's no doubt of that,
When nimble Nat Ricket
Had hold of the bat.
You may go to 'the Oval,'
Or 'Prince's,' or 'Lord's,'
See the cricketing feats
That each county affords ;
But you'll see nothing there
Which, for fire and life,
Will one moment compare
With the vigorous strife
With which Muddleby youngsters
And Blunderby boys
Contend for the palm
In this chief of their joys.

8. I need hardly say,
At the end of the day
The Muddleby boys had the best of the play,
Though the bright coloured caps
Of the Blunderby chaps
Were as heartily waved as the others, perhaps ;
And as they drove off down the Blunderby lane
The cheering resounded again and again.

9. And Nat and his party
 They all went away,
 And I've not seen either
 For many a day.
 Still, don't be surprised
 If you see advertised
 The name of Nat Ricket
 Connected with cricket—
 In some mighty score,
 Or some wonderful catch,
 In a 'North and South' contest,
 Or a good County match.
 And if ever when passing
 By cricketing places
 You see people talking
 And pulling long faces
 'Cause some country bumpkin
 Has beat 'the three Graces,'
 Just buy a 'correct card'
 And look down the ticket,
 And see if it doesn't say
 'Mr. N. Ricket.'
 For wherever you go,
 And whatever you see
 In the north or the south
 Of this land of the free,
 You never will find,
 And here all must agree,
 Such a rickety, crickety
 Fellow as he.

ALFRED H. MILES.

inclined, bent, had a liking for.
resounded, filled the air.
resolute, brave, determined.
lanky, long and slender.
terrible, hard.
score, total of runs.
pace, sideways, in a direction
 not expected.

perspiration, sweat.
agitation, exertion.
vigorous, active.
surprised, astonished.
advertised, announced in the
 papers.
bumpkin, an awkward country
 fellow, a clown.

Reckoned a don—Looked upon or considered a first-rate man.

Red-leather—Cricket-ball.

Long-leg, Square, &c.—Positions taken by the *fielders*.

The Scout—The one who runs after the ball.

The Umpire—The one who decides all cases of dispute.

Hunted the leather—Fielders are said to *hunt the leather* when they run after the ball.

Oval, Prince's, Lord's—Noted cricket-grounds in the suburbs of London.

North and South contest—A match between a picked *eleven* from the northern and a picked *eleven* from the southern counties.

The three Graces—Referring to the three brothers, named Grace, noted cricketers.

Diana—The goddess who presided over hunting.

Nimrod—Mentioned in Scripture as a mighty hunter.





THE WOODPECKER.¹

1. Many birds live in burrows. Of these, some are either burrowers into the earth or adopters of burrows which have been made and deserted by fossorial mammalia. Those we are going to speak of are burrowers into wood, and either form their tunnels with their own beaks or adapt to their purposes the excavations made by other creatures, and the hollows formed by natural decay.

2. The first in order of these birds are necessarily

¹ Wood's *Homes without Hands*.

the woodpeckers, examples of which are found in most parts of the world. They are easily distinguished from any other birds by the peculiar construction of the beak, the feet, and the tail ; the beak enabling them to chip away the bark and wood, the feet giving them the power of clinging to the tree-trunk, and the tail helping to support them in the attitude which gives to their strokes the greatest force. Their beaks are long, powerful, straight and pointed ; their feet are formed for grasping, and are set far back upon the body ; and their tails are short and stiff, and act as props when pressed against the rough bark.



IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.

3. From England the woodpeckers are fast disappearing, and except in the few forests and woods that still remain, a woodpecker is now seldom seen in this country. The birds, however, possess that remarkable instinct which tells them where they will be safe ; and anyone who possesses a sufficiency of trees surrounded by a wall, and who will not permit a gun to be fired within those precincts will not have to wait very long before his eyes are gladdened by the bright colours of the woodpecker's plumage, as it darts from tree to tree, and his ears gratified by the rapid tattoo of its beak upon the wood.

4. We should probably have possessed many more specimens of the woodpecker, had it not been subjected to such persecution. It was universally thought to be very hurtful to trees, and its reiterated

blows were considered as so many direct injuries. If the observer would quietly make his way to a tree where the woodpecker was at work, he would find great flakes of bark lying on the ground, as marks of the bird's industry, and might be led to suppose that in separating them from the trunk, the bird was



GREEN WOODPECKER.

inflicting a positive injury upon it. If, however, he should examine the flakes of bark, he would find that they had already been separated from the tree in the course of nature, and that they were mere useless excrescences upon its surface. Under these bark-flakes whole tribes of insects find a shelter, and it is in order to obtain the insects that the woodpecker removes the flakes.

5. As is well known, this bird makes its nest in a tunnel which it hollows in the tree, and to a superficial observer might easily be reckoned among the enemies of the forest. If it were to burrow into some sound timber, as is often supposed to be the case, it would certainly rank among the deadliest foes of our trees ; for in the spots where it still resides, its burrows may be seen in plenty, perforating the trunks and the branches of the finest and most picturesque trees. But, in point of fact, none of the British woodpeckers are able to cut so deep a tunnel into sound and growing wood, and are perforce obliged to choose timber which is already dead, and which has begun to decay.

6. Sometimes the bird selects a spot where a branch has been blown down, leaving a hollow in

which the rain has lodged and eaten its way deeply into the stem. In such places the wood is so soft that it can be broken away with the fingers, or scraped out with a stick ; and in many a noble tree, which seems to the eye to be perfectly sound, the very heart-wood is being slowly dissolved by the action of water, which has gained access through some unsuspected hole. Water, when thus admitted to the interior of a tree, fills its centre with decay ; and if a perforation be made through the trunk, so as to let out the contained fluid, gallon after gallon of dark brown water will gush forth, mixed with fragments of decayed wood, and betray by its volume and consistency, the extent of the damage which it has occasioned.

7. Oftentimes a large fungus will start from a tree, and in some mysterious manner will sap the life-power of the spot on which it grows. When the fungus falls in the autumn, it leaves scarcely a trace of its presence, the tree being apparently as healthy as before the advent of the parasite. But the whole character of the wood has been changed by the strange power of the fungus, being soft and cork-like to the touch. Although the eye of man cannot readily perceive the injury, the instinct of the woodpecker soon leads the bird to the spot, and it is in this dead, soft, and spongy wood that the burrow is made.

8. It is, by the way, a rather remarkable fact, that a tree which has been penetrated by water can be relieved of its burden by the hand of man. An auger, or long-shanked centre-bit, judiciously inserted

will draw off the water, and if the aperture through which it gained admission be carefully trimmed and covered, so as to prevent any further lodgment of moisture, the bark will roll over the orifice and soon obliterate it. The same process of self-repair will heal the smaller aperture made by the auger. Sometimes, when a semi-burrowing bird, such as the titmouse, enters a hollow thus formed, and builds its nest therein, the bark grows over the entrance, and so buries the nest in the hollow of the tree. Sawyers not unfrequently find various objects in the trunks of trees, which have been embedded by the curative powers of the tree.

9. Should, however, a fungus show itself, the tree is doomed. Perhaps the parasite may fall in the autumn, and the tree may show no symptoms of decay ; but at the first tempest that it may have to encounter, the trunk snaps off at the spot where the fungus has been, and the extent of the injury is at once disclosed. As long as any portion of that tree retains life, it will continue to throw out these destructive fungi, and even when a mere stump is left in the ground, the fungi will push themselves out in profusion.

10. The pickaxe-like beak of the woodpecker finds no difficulty in making its way through the decayed wood, and thus the bird is enabled to excavate its burrow without very much trouble. The nest itself can scarcely be called by that name, being nothing more than a collection of the smaller chips which have fallen to the extremity of the tunnel while the bird was engaged in the task of excavating. The burrow of the woodpecker is as unpleasantly odor-

ous as that of the kingfisher. The eggs are pure white.

11. According to Wilson and Audubon, some of the woodpeckers of North America are able to excavate tunnels in the sound and still undecayed wood. They do not, however, select the hard wood in preference to that which is decayed, but always give the precedence to the latter. Still, they are often obliged to bore through several inches of solid wood in order to reach the decayed portion in the centre.

12. The burrowing powers of the great ivory-billed woodpecker are marvellous, its chisel-like beak having been known to chip splinters from a mahogany table, and to cut a hole fifteen inches in width through a lath-and-plaster partition. Even the small downy woodpecker is able to bore its way through solid wood, and to make a most ingenious nest, the burrow sloping for six or eight inches, and then being driven perpendicularly down the tree. The bird takes care to make the sloping tunnel only just large enough to admit the passage of its body, but the perpendicular hole, in which it resides, is quite large and roomy, so as to deserve the name of a chamber. When first made, the hole through which the bird enters its nest is as truly circular as if cut by a centre-bit ; but it loses the sharpness of its outline after it has been in use for any length of time. Both the male and female woodpecker work at this task of excavation, labouring alternately, relieving each other in regular rotation, and pecking continually until the burrow is finished, even though they should occupy several days in completing their home. They are so

intent upon their labour, that they work all day and far into the evening, hammering away like carpenters at the bench.

adopters, takers for their own use.

excavations, holes or burrows.

distinguished, known.

peculiar, singular.

construction, formation.

enabling, making able.

attitude, position.

sufficiency, a large enough number.

precincts, limits, boundaries.

tattoo, repeatedappings.

universally, everywhere.

reiterated, repeated.

industry, steady work.

inflicting injury, causing hurt.

supposed, thought, imagined.

perforating, making holes.

perforce, of necessity.

dissolved, eaten away.

access, entrance.

interior, inside, middle.

consistency, thickness.

mysterious, strange, unaccountable.

perceive, see, notice.

auger, large gimlet.

judiciously, with care or judgment.

aperture, opening.

obliterate, efface, hide.

embedded, enclosed, buried.

curative, healing power.

symptoms, signs.

encounter, meet, endure.

profusion, great numbers.

precedence, first place, preference.

alternately, by turns.

rotation, in order.

occupy, take up, fill.

domicile, dwelling.

appropriated, used for a certain purpose.

in default, failure, in want.

locality, place, district.

abandon, give up, leave.

sombre, dull, dark, gloomy.

acceptable, welcome.

hazarding, endangering, risking.

triumphant, victorious.

pinnacle, height.

precipitation, great hurry.

Burrowers—Those birds that make holes in the earth for their dwellings, as the sand-martin.

Fossorial mammalia—Burrowing animals, as the rabbit and fox.

Excrescences—Useless growths, as opposed to essential parts. The bark referred to had ceased to serve the usual purpose of bark before the woodpecker attacked it.

A superficial observer—One who simply looks at a thing without examining and trying to understand the why and the wherefore of it.

Fungi—Toadstools, mushrooms, and kindred plants.

Parasites—Plants or animals which depend for their growth upon their attachment to other plants or animals, as the mistletoe.

Section—Cutting; a horizontal section is made when anything is cut across or horizontally; a vertical section when cut from top to bottom.



NELSON.¹

PART I.

1. Who has not heard of Nelson—of England's greatest naval commander? There are some lines written by Tennyson, which exactly express the feelings that Englishmen entertain for his memory. Let me recall them to you :—

Thy country loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest seaman since the world began.

2. There are many men who leave a name to future generations, whose fame is only acquired late in life. Take Sir Henry Havelock for example. For many years he was entirely unknown. He did his duty in his regiment, but then so did hundreds of

¹ From *Glorious Footprints in Golden Childhood*, by permission.

others. It was not until long after the prime of life that the great Indian Mutiny broke out, and the obscure officer found himself suddenly called upon to save an empire. There are other men who seem destined to be famous almost from the day they leave school. Horatio Nelson was one of these. His name was known to his countrymen at an age when most young Englishmen are at college, and he died in the very hour of victory at forty-seven, having in that short life three times saved England from dangers which threatened her very existence. Truly a wonderful career!

3. The future Admiral was born in 1759, and was the son of a clergyman in Suffolk. Destined to command men, he early showed that he knew how to obey. One winter day he and his brother mounted their ponies and set off on their return to school. The sky was lowering and the journey before them was a long one. They had not been long on their way when snow began to fall, and after a time the road became rather dangerous, and the pace of the young travellers became slower and slower. To one of the brothers the increasing difficulty of the journey seemed a good excuse for turning back; he thought of the pleasant home they had just left, and suggested to his brother that they should return. But Horatio would not hear of it. He had given his word, he said, to his father, to return to school, and he would keep it: so on they went.

4. From the first Nelson's career in the Navy was an adventurous one. He had not been long a midshipman when he joined an expedition to the Arctic regions. There he found himself in a new world. No

greater change can be imagined from the ordinary life, whether of a sailor or of a landsman, than a winter within the Arctic circle. We talk of long nights in our winters in Old England. But the Arctic nights last for months. In the winter there is *no day*. The cold is so intense that to touch a piece of cold iron with the hand is almost as dangerous as if the metal were red hot ; even wine will freeze. The food has to be carefully preserved and compressed into cases, for no supplies can reach a ship when once frozen in.

5. The navigation of the channels leading into the Arctic regions is most dangerous, and calls forth a seaman's best powers. Icebergs are a constant source of danger ; to strike against one is to be destroyed. Sometimes when one of these floating mountains of ice has been carried by a current into a warmer climate, and consequently into a warmer sea-water, the ice under water gradually melts away, and at last the iceberg becoming top-heavy turns right over ; then woe to the ship that is near it !

6. When the summer sets in the ice begins to break up, and whaling vessels and others are in danger not only from icebergs but from great jagged pieces of ice floating about, not so large but quite as formidable, called hummocks. No better training than this could be thought of for a naval officer, and years afterwards, when serving under the fierce heat of the tropical sun in the West Indies, Nelson must have thought of the days when his vessel was frozen in, when the ice closed round her as hard as iron, the long Arctic night set in, and there was no escape possible for months.



7. Once during this expedition he was in great danger from a bear, and had a narrow escape ; he was trying to shoot the animal that he might send the skin to his father.

8. Nelson rose very rapidly in his profession, and long before he hoisted his flag as an Admiral he was marked out as a man whom his superiors could rely upon to perform any service, however difficult or dangerous. A naval officer has to know and study

many things—in fact, more than most men. To navigate a ship safely and successfully across distant seas is a work which requires great care and knowledge ; to ‘handle’ a ship in a gale of wind is a matter of great responsibility, for the lives of all on board are dependent upon him ; to fight a ship in action is the greatest task of all. Nelson was continually engaged with the enemy.

9. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte had made himself master of France, and had resolved upon the destruction of England. He had conquered with his armies the greater part of Europe : never was such a singular spectacle as it then presented. It seemed as though the world was to be divided amongst the members of one family. One of Napoleon’s brothers was made King of Holland, another King of Spain, and another King of Westphalia. His stepson was Viceroy of Italy, and his brother-in-law King of Naples. The whole continent was being rapidly overrun by the French. Year after year the war went on, and year after year the prospect seemed to grow gloomier for England. Nelson did not live to see the great victories of the Duke of Wellington ; he only saw one British expedition after another fail.

10. The only hope of England was in her fleet, and of this Nelson was the heart and soul. We will recall his two great victories, and see what they did for England. The first was the Battle of the Nile, on August 1, 1798. Napoleon had seized Egypt with a French army. Here he established his power, and then marched on with his army into Syria, following the track of the great conquerors of ancient times, and treading on the very soil where the armies of Egypt

and Assyria had contended centuries before. His design was to invade India by marching down the valley of the Euphrates, past the ruins of Babylon to the head of the Persian Gulf, and thence through Persia, an enterprise which reminds one of Alexander.

11. But he had to reckon with a formidable enemy, one who might at any moment destroy his plans. That enemy was England. Nelson learnt that the French fleet, on which depended Napoleon's communication with France, was lying at the mouth of the Nile in Aboukir Bay. If this fleet could be attacked and destroyed, Napoleon's designs would be shattered. There was no time to be lost. Nelson sailed from Naples to Aboukir, and at sunset August 1, the battle commenced.

12. The French fleet were anchored in a strong position near the shore, on which were erected powerful batteries. The French were confident that their position was impregnable. They counted, too, on the hope of seeing some of the English ships strike the ground in the narrow channel and shallow water and mud-banks with which the mouth of the river abounds. One English ship, the Culloden, did strike on a mud-bank, and was unable to take part in the action; but the remainder, led by Nelson, went in and fought a battle which saved India.

13. Though the risk was enormous, Nelson ordered some of his ships to pass between the French fleet and the shore. They were thus enabled to bring a portion of the French fleet between two fires. The French Admiral, seeing the danger, caused some of his vessels to weigh anchor and go to the rescue.

But it was too late ; an advantage had been already gained by Nelson's manœuvre which largely influenced the fate of the day.

14. The battle was long and well contested. At midnight the French Admiral's flag-ship (that is, the ship in which he himself sailed), a magnificent three-decker, carrying over a hundred guns, named the *Orient*, caught fire. Shortly before Nelson had been very severely wounded by a splinter, which struck him on the forehead. Hearing that a ship was on fire, he ran on deck—you may see the picture of it at Greenwich Hospital—and efforts were made to save her, but all to no purpose. The flames reached the magazine, and in a moment the *Orient* blew up with a terrific explosion.

15. Before morning nearly the whole of the French fleet had been surrendered or destroyed. The French army in Egypt was cut off from France ; and Napoleon, fearing lest he might end his career as a prisoner of war in England, basely deserted his troops, and made his escape to France in a small vessel. His schemes for the conquest of the East were at an end. For this great victory the Admiral was raised to the peerage as Baron Nelson of the Nile.

entertain, hold.
acquired, gained.
entirely, altogether.
obscure, unknown.
destined, appointed, doomed.
career, life, history.
suggested, proposed.
intense, great, severe.
constant, regular.
gradually, by degrees, slowly.
formidable, dangerous.

superiors, those higher in office or rank.
responsibility, trust.
dependent on him, in his care.
engaged, fighting.
resolved, made up his mind.
singular, strange.
prospect, view.
established, set, firmly fixed.
contended, fought.
enterprise, undertaking.

designs, plans.
erected, set up, raised.
confident, convinced in their own minds.
impregnable, could not be taken.
enormous, great.

rescue, relief.
mancœuvre, movement.
surrendered, given up.
basely, meanly.
schemes, plans.

Tennyson—The poet laureate, writer of 'Enoch Arden,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' &c.

Her very existence—Her life as a nation.

Lowering—Becoming cloudy and overcast, threatening a storm.

Midshipman—A youth in training for an officer on board a man-of-war.

Napoleon's communications—His means of obtaining supplies of food, ammunition, &c., from France.

West Indies—A group of islands lying between North and South America. A number of them, including Jamaica, belong to England.

The great conquerors, &c.—The Pharaohs, Alexander, &c. After conquering Egypt and Syria, Alexander marched through Persia into India with the intention of conquering it.

Aboukir—A small bay a few miles east of the town of Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile.

Magazine—The room in which the powder and shot is stored.



WHITE, OR GREAT POLAR BEAR.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

NELSON.

PART II.

1. Some time after the battle of the Nile had been fought peace was made, for the nations were weary of fighting. There was a joyful time, and many a sailor who had not seen his family for years returned home joyfully to his wife and children. But soon war broke out again between England and France ; and Napoleon Bonaparte, who was made Emperor, threatened to bring a large army over to England and conquer the country.

2. In this danger the eyes of England, and, indeed, of the world, were turned upon Nelson ; all depended upon his skill and vigilance. For the greater part of two years he kept so close a watch upon the French and Spaniards that it seemed as

though it would be impossible for them to unite their fleets as they intended.

3. At last they tried to outwit the British Admiral. They spread rumours in every direction that they intended to attack the British possessions in the West Indies, and that an expedition was being prepared for that purpose. Still further to decoy Nelson from his proper post—the defence of England—a French fleet did actually escape, and sailed for the West Indies. Then ensued one of the most remarkable naval campaigns ever witnessed.

4. The French Admiral's intention was to draw Nelson away to the West Indies, and to spread the idea amongst the islands that such and such places were to be attacked. As soon as Nelson had started for one of the threatened points the French fleet were to hurry back to France, and joining with the other French and Spanish fleets to take part in the invasion of England.

5. But Nelson was too wary an antagonist to be deceived in this way. He followed the French fleet to the West Indies and back again to France, then once more to the West Indies, and a second time back to France, altogether crossing the Atlantic four times, and completely baffling all the schemes of Napoleon.

6. You must remember that this was before the days of steam, and that Nelson, with his great heavy 'line-of-battle ships,' had difficulties to contend with which modern captains, who race across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in eight or nine days, have no idea of.

7. But meanwhile Napoleon was getting impatient.

The fine weather so essential for a safe and speedy crossing of the Channel for boats full of soldiers, and indispensable for a safe landing on the beach when they had crossed, was passing away. It was October ; winter was approaching ; the blow must be struck now or never. Imperative orders were sent to Admiral Villeneuve to put to sea from Cadiz, and at any risk to effect a junction with the other French Admirals ; but the name of Nelson, and the ascendancy which the British fleet had obtained throughout the war, caused him still to hesitate.

8. At last Nelson, anxious to end the long suspense, devised a plan for enticing Villeneuve out of harbour. He left a few frigates to cruise close to the land, with orders to keep him informed of the enemy's movements ; whilst he himself, with the bulk of his squadron, stood out to sea. The plan succeeded. The French Admiral, thinking that Nelson was at last out of the way, sailed from Cadiz with the united French and Spanish squadrons, altogether numbering thirty-three 'sall of the line.'

9. The frigates, which Nelson used to call 'the eyes of the fleet,' quickly brought him the news, and he instantly sailed after Villeneuve with twenty-eight ships, and came up with him off Cape Trafalgar on the morning of the memorable October 21, 1805, the greatest day in the history of England.

10. But just previously to this there had been another action fought between an English and French fleet, the fame of which has been so entirely eclipsed by the battle of the 21st, that it is almost entirely forgotten. The object of the French was to assemble all their fleets into one gigantic armament. Napo-

leon had ordered his Admirals to make the attempt at any cost ; and thus it happened that a day or two previous to the battle of Trafalgar another French squadron had sailed from Brest. They were met by a British squadron under Sir Robert Calder, defeated and driven back. But the public in England, surfeited by a long succession of naval victories, were not content with a mere repulse of a French fleet ; they wanted to hear of its total destruction. The battle, therefore, though an undoubted victory, has never had justice done to it, and Sir Robert Calder's name has been unjustly tarnished.

11. The French and Spanish fleets, as soon as they perceived the English, were formed into a great crescent ;—the same formation which had been adopted by the Spanish Armada more than two centuries before. In this position, with their ships almost touching each other, they awaited Nelson's attack. His fleet was formed in two columns. One was led by himself in the 'Victory,' the famous old three-decker which you may still see in Portsmouth Harbour, and which is gaily dressed in flags every 21st of October. The other column was led by Nelson's old friend and companion, Cuthbert Collingwood, in the 'Royal Sovereign.'

12. As the 'Victory' bore down on the enemy no less than eight French ships concentrated their fire upon her. There was no swift rushing of ships under steam in those days ; the winds were the only motive power, and the leading vessels of the English columns, as they came slowly on, were exposed to an overwhelming fire. It must have been a tremendous and yet magnificent spectacle as the two fleets last fairly 'engaged,' and the shores of Spain

resounded to the thunder of more than four thousand guns.

13. Immediately before the battle Nelson hoisted his last celebrated signal. It was this : 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.' To this day the words are written in brass on the steering wheel, or in some other prominent position, on board Her Majesty's ships.

14. The battle was very severe, but it only lasted three hours. As the action proceeded, the 'Victory' was hemmed in by the enemy, and her loss in killed and wounded was very great. Nelson was walking up and down the quarter-deck, when a French marksman stationed aloft in the maintop of the 'Redoubtable' fired and hit the Admiral in the shoulder. The ball penetrated to the spine, and Nelson knew that his last hour had come. He was carried down to the cockpit, and there he died.

15. The victory was complete ; though the great Admiral did not live to see once more the England which he had saved from destruction. He was buried in St. Paul's with a public funeral ; and there, forty-seven years afterwards, was carried the body of the Duke of Wellington. The bodies of England's two greatest commanders by sea and land lie close together, and every English boy and English girl should go and see their tombs in the great cathedral.

16. And there is another sight which you should see. In the magnificent Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital are many pictures of naval battles, and more than one of Nelson and his exploits. But there is something even more interesting than these : there is the uniform coat worn by him at Trafalgar with the cloth torn by the bullet and stained with his blood.

17. The old pensioners of Greenwich Hospital used to walk about the Painted Hall in their square-cut coats and cocked hats, anxious to show strangers the pictures and to talk about their commanders, and especially Nelson.

18. At Portsmouth his old flag-ship may still be seen ; and when you go on board they will show you on the quarter-deck a small brass plate with the inscription, ' HERE NELSON FELL.' Then they will take you below, past the main, middle and lower decks, down into the cockpit. You would be surprised, considering all the years that have elapsed since she was built, to find the old ship so roomy and handsome ; but the cockpit is dark and confined, you cannot stand upright in it. Here Nelson died, and his last words should be those of every Englishman, ' Thank God, I have done my duty.'

depended, hung, rested.

vigilance, watchfulness.

unite, join.

prepared, made ready.

rumours, tales, stories.

decoy, mislead, allure.

ensued, followed.

wary, cautious.

deceived, led astray.

antagonist, opponent.

baffling, rendering useless.

modern, belonging to our own time.

impatient, weary of waiting.

essential, necessary, requisite.

indispensable, absolutely necessary.

imperative, strict, definite.

ascendancy, superiority, influence.

devised, formed.

cruise, sail about.

instantly, at once.

eclipsed, excelled, thrown into the shade.

gigantic, great, powerful.

previous, preceding, going before.

surfeited, filled to excess.

repulse, driving back.

tarnished, darkened, sullied.

concentrated, directed to one spot or centre.

exposed, laid open.

overwhelming, crushing, bearing down.

tremendous, fearful.

resounded, echoed.

prominent, jutting or standing out.

penetrated, passed through.

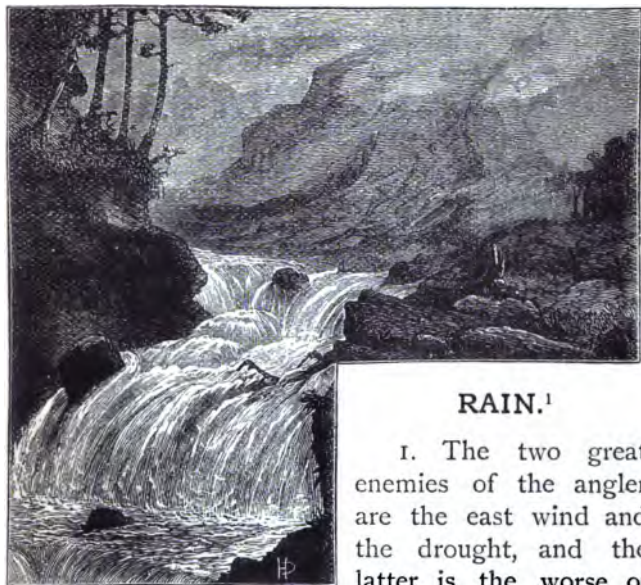
inscription, writing, engraving.

elapsed, passed.

Crescent—In shape like the new moon.

Quarter-deck—That part of the upper deck lying between the mainmast and the stern.

Cockpit—A part of the lower deck where the wounded were attended to in time of action.

RAIN.¹

1. The two great enemies of the angler are the east wind and the drought, and the latter is the worse of the two ; for though the former makes the fish shy of biting, yet that is not so bad as having no water to fish in. When the rivers are low and clear, the salmon fisher is in despair, and as his holiday slips away with day after day of dry weather, he begins to feel the most miserable man in creation.

2. A drought ! what a picture the word represents. A sky blue in the summit of its arc, and a dull gray where it clasps the panting earth in its misty girdle. There is no clear defined line in the horizon ; the woods lose themselves in haze ; the hills are less substantial than clouds ; and when out to seaward

¹ From *The Angler's Souvenir*, by permission.

you look at a low, straight line, taking it to be the limit of the visible sea, you are astonished at seeing a vessel sailing along far above it, apparently in the air.

3. The sunshine is a blinding glare, pervading every nook and corner of the parched and dusty landscape. There is the maximum of sunshine and the minimum of shade ; the grass is burned off the brown hill-side, and even the grasshoppers are too lazy to jump and too hot to chirp. The foliage of the trees acquires a dull, dead tint of green, and the leaves droop and curl, thereby letting wider sun-shafts strike the glades below, that should be soft and moist but are hard and dry.

4. The river-beds are great tracks of white stones, simply darkened as with varnish where the water trickles over them, but none the less visible, so transparent is the stream. Like as a skater upon clear ice, seeing the deep holes over which he glides and the masses of waving weeds below him, deems the ice to be thinner than it really is, and is more apprehensive of danger, so do the trout in this clear water see evil even where none exists. They have the same feeling of insecurity as a sailor would have in a ship with a glass bottom, or a nymph sleeping in a satyr-haunted wood. If a rod be waved over a stream, the fish dart away with the greatest expedition.

5. We remember one exception to this shyness of the trout during a drought. A big trout had taken up its position in a wide part of the canal which runs through the charming vale of Llangollen. Its weight was over four pounds, and it was regularly besieged by anglers who tried for it with all sorts of bait ; but it took no notice of them, and went on feeding and

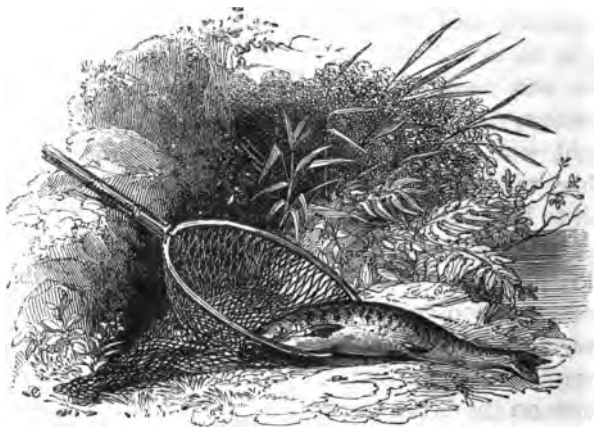
swimming about in a circumscribed spot without evincing the slightest fear of its many visitors.

6. A friend of ours, yclept Jones, was determined to catch this trout, and after many failures he grew desperate, and resolved to fish for it through the night, as a last chance of catching it off its guard. The sun went down and the dark came on; and minnow, worm, and fly had been tried in vain. The night was a dark one, and Jones mounted a huge white moth, and sent it to where he imagined the fish to be, but he found that he had got his line fast in the branches of the bushes that grew on the opposite side of the canal. He tugged and pulled, but he could not loosen it. He did not wish to break his line, and he fancied he could see his white moth dangling a short distance above the water. He sat down on the brink to consider, and lit his pipe.

7. It was very warm and still, and he fell into a doze in a very insecure position. His pipe fell into the water and it went out with a fizz without arousing him: then he heard a loud splash, and no wonder, for he had fallen into the water. He scrambled out again, dripping wet, and missed his rod, which had lain across his knees. As he was wet through he waded across the canal to unfasten his line, but to his astonishment he found that had gone too.

8. Then he heard a sound some distance off which he well knew. It was the sound of the line being rapidly run off a check reel. Running along the bank he was able to distinguish his rod moving along the water at a good pace. He dashed in and seized it, and after a long and arduous fight he succeeded in landing the big trout, which had sprung up at his fly as it dangled over the water.

9. Nor is it on running streams alone that the drought has such an effect. The lakes and pools lower and lower, and their muddy margins emit un-



healthy vapours. . . Only the leaves of the water-lilies and their arrow heads look cool and green, and the water rises in a ledge around the edge of each, as if wishful, yet afraid, to overflow it.

10. But this is all about drought, not rain. . . But do you wish for rain? then see, the haze is lifting from the weather-gleam, the distant woods assume a shape, the hills stand out bold and clear, sound travels far, the flies are doubly annoying, they seem to sting where they alight upon your flesh. The gnats throng close to the earth, and the swallows follow them; the dust eddies in the roads, and the birds shake themselves and twitter in the bushes. The clouds gather—a silence falls over all. Pat comes the first drop, and then down it comes, the blessed rain. The leaves of the trees expand and shake under its downpour,

the branches sway and bend under the beating drops,
and there is a sound through the woods as of a
mighty wind.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs ;
How it gushes and struggles out,
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river, down the gutter pours
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber
Looks at the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool,
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain,
How welcome is the rain !¹

11. The brooks rise and lose their transparency,
and presently rush down in a yellow flood to the
rivers, which ere long renew their strength, and roll

¹ Longfellow.

majestically between their receding banks. The country springs at a bound from death to life. The fresh greenness of the vegetation is a positive delight. The air is cool, and laden with the life-giving incense which arises from the steaming plants ; and all nature is grateful for the relief brought by the welcome rain.

12. Now, too, is the time when the rustic angler is in his glory. His hazel bough and coarse line are as effective in the muddy waters as the most finished appliances of the wealthy angler. . . If the stream is unpreserved, every likely hole has its visitor, and many are the trout who have no reason to bless the oncoming of the rain.

13. Birds, beasts, fishes, and man welcome the rain in summer ; but in the colder months of the year, ah ! it is altogether a different story. We write now in the month of November, and we have had four weeks of almost incessant rain. We have tried to drill ourselves into a cheerful state of mind, but as one swallow does not make a summer, so all our writing has not persuaded us that this present rain is of the same nature as summer rain.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

We have need of all our philosophy, yet

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

drought, scarcity of water.
creation, the world.
represents, raises in his mind.
panting, thirsting.

astonished, surprised.
maximum, greatest amount.
minimum, smallest amount.
foliage, leaves.

apprehensive, afraid, suspicious.
preternaturally, unusually clear.
insecurity, danger.
circumscribed, limited, narrow.
evincing, showing.
yclept, named.
mounted, fixed to his line as bait.
determined, made up his mind.
desperate, more and more determined.
dangling, hanging loose and waving.
insecure, unsafe.
distinguish, discern, make out.
arduous, tough, severe.
margins, banks, edges.
emit, give out.

assume a shape, become distinct.
annoying, troublesome.
eddies, whirls.
expand, open.
renew, put forth again.
majestically, in full vigour.
receding, going farther apart.
positive, real.
incense, scent, smell.
appliances, contrivances.
incessant, never stopping.
substantial, real.
apparently, to all appearance.
unpreserved, not protected by law, so that any one is allowed to fish there.

Summit of its arc—The highest part of the sky.

Haze—Indistinctness, as if seen through a mist.

Pervading—Passing through, filling.

Blinding glare—Too strong a light for the eyes.

Transparent—That which can be seen through, as opposed to dull or opaque bodies.

Regularly besieged by anglers—They constantly tried to catch it.

By antithesis—By contrast, by the opposite ; thus the writer commences by describing *drought*, which is the opposite of rain.

Nymph—A goddess of the woods, rivers, &c.

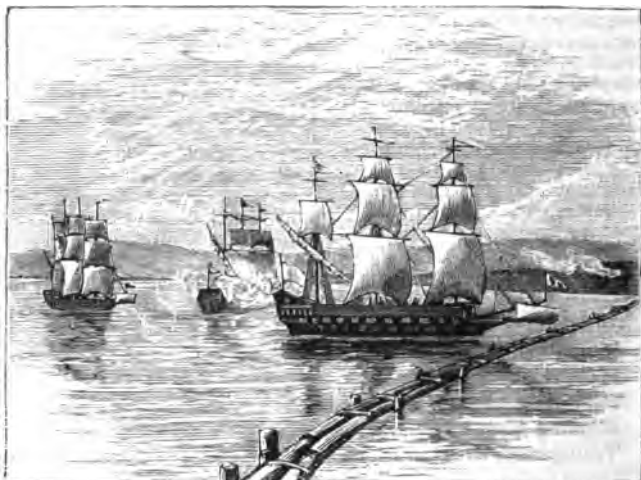
Satyr—A god supposed to haunt woods, and generally represented as part man and part goat.

Llangollen—A beautiful vale in North Wales.

Check reel—The wheel fastened to the end of a fishing rod, upon which the long length of line is wound.

Rustic angler—The country fisherman with his rude home-made tackle, as opposed to the townsman with his every appliance.





RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.¹

[In the attempts which James II. made to regain the crown after fleeing from the country on the landing of William, Prince of Orange, he was strongly supported by the Catholic party in Ireland. Londonderry, however, proclaimed in favour of William. A large army laid siege to the town, but the inhabitants, led by a clergyman named Walker, though suffering the greatest privations and brought to the verge of starvation, refused to surrender, and held the place against the enemy for over three months. Ships with provisions at last made their way into the harbour, when the besiegers broke up their camp, and beat a sullen retreat.]

1. By this time July was far advanced ; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire

¹ Macaulay.

of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in : one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. . . The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. . . Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined : his innocence was fully proved : he regained his popularity ; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirits still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors

opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other. . .'

2. It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

3. Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

4. Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the Mountjoy. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large

cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow-citizens ; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

5. It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just-set ; the evening sermon in the Cathedral was over ; and the heartbroken congregation had separated ; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril : for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way ; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks ; the Irish rushed to their boats and were preparing to board ; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed

broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phoenix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him ; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began ; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound

of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp ; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers ; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

breaches, *breaks*, or openings made in the walls by cannon.
indefatigable, untiring.
doled, *dealt* out sparingly.
survivors, those who still lived.
engenders, breeds, produces.
exhaled, sent out, emitted.
insubordination, disobedience.
inevitable, unavoidable.
suspected, thought, supposed.
revelling, feasting.
exhorted, called upon.
resolutely, with fixed purpose.
popularity, favour with the people.
eloquence, stirring words.

haggard, lean, hungry-looking.
obscure, *dark*, unknown.
extremity, great strait or difficulty.
aggravation, a making worse.
intelligible, understandable.
sanguine, confident, hopeful.
convoy, protection.
remonstrated, reasoned against.
escorted, led and guarded.
barricade, barrier.
ghastly, ghost-like, deadly pale.
livid, death-like, blue as from a blow.
ration, meal, allowance.
suspense, anxious waiting.

Bastion—Mass of earth or masonry at the corner of a fortification.

Rites of sepulture—Act or ceremony of burying the dead.

Boom—A strong bar or chain stretched across the mouth of the harbour to prevent the passage of ships.

Circuit of the ramparts—The whole round or circle of fortifications.

THE FAIRY LIFE.



HERE the bee
sucks, there
suck I :
In a cowslip's
bell I lie ;
There I crouch,
when owls do
cry ;
On the bat's
back I do fly
After summer
merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dog's bark :

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

SHAKESPEARE.

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